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340 RIVERSIDE DRIVE
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MUS

MASTERS OF RUSSIAN SONG

Collected and Edited by
KURT SCHINDLER

◆

The English versions by George Harris, Jr.,
Deems Taylor, Sigmund Spaeth and Kurt Schindler

◆

Vol. I. Twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky
Vol. II. Twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Rimsky-Kórsakoff, Borodíne, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff.

◆

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PREFACE

This volume of twenty-five songs by Moussórgsky is offered to the public of America and all other English-speaking countries with the earnest hope that it may definitely and lastingly contribute to the appreciation and understanding of this greatest of innovators and prophets in modern music. While the success of his historical opera "Boris Godounoff" has firmly established his name with American opera-goers, and while the serene and lofty strains of his other operatic work, "Khovánshtchina," have found many admirers among those privileged to attend its few performances in Russian at Drury Lane, yet for several reasons Moussórgsky's operas do not permit a complete evaluation of his genius; first of all, because in dealing with subjects that picture to a large extent the life of the Russian people in its manifold aspects, Moussórgsky's fanatical love of veracity, coupled with a purposeful idealism that verged upon self-abnegation, induced him to let the people speak in their own medium, the Russian folk-song, which he knew how to incorporate in his work as no other before or after him (and we must admit that no "composed" substitute would have been as good). Another reason why a critique based solely upon these operas must lack in accuracy, is, that both works have been largely made over by Rimsky-Kórsakoff, not only in orchestration but also in the building of Ensemble-scenes and Finales. That this was done with the fine theatrical sense of a great practitioner as well as with the delicate tact of a friend, no one can deny, nor that Rimsky's brilliant orchestration and climaxes certainly hastened the recognition of these operas; yet for those who know the sum of Rimsky's own operatic work, there is little doubt as to where, in "Boris," and "Khovánshtchina," the original stops and the *retouche* begins. A certain rectangular, pompous, over-regular style, an unnecessary polyphony, and a taint of conventionality, from which Rimsky was not altogether free, creep in from time to time; and for the most part one can easily distinguish the true from the "edited" Moussórgsky. This task will be especially facilitated by a perusal of his songs, because there one never finds a trace of conventionality, never a line too much, rather a desire to say the most possible with the simplest means—almost sketch-like at times—finally, a meticulous attention to correct declamation down to the reproduction of the minutest inflections of the spoken word.

A contemporary of Wagner, Moussórgsky has solved in his own way—without much theorizing—the problem of musical declamation, being led merely by his desire to be ab-

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solutely true to life. The guiding advice of his elder friend, Balákireff (who foresaw this development), a rare gift for acoustical observation, scrupulous studies, and an unerring steadfastness of purpose, thus led Moussórgsky to find his own mode of expression, which is unlike any other's. It is not a style, not a pattern, but is new and reborn with every new problem which he attacks. It is so free, so intangible, so without compromise and convention, that one stands before his creations amazed, as before Nature herself.

The key to Moussórgsky's work is the spiritual personality of the man himself; that is why he cannot be imitated. If certain pages in Debussy's scores have similar melodic contours or harmonies, they are so much amalgamated with this Frenchman's peculiar style, that the idea of imitation is out of the question. The point is that Debussy is essentially a man of style, of patterns, of an individual, hyper-civilized musical vision (I say this in no derogatory sense). This is in direct opposition to the genius of Moussórgsky, who is rugged, frank, untrammeled, and who strikes at the very roots of things, laying open their inmost soul and letting it speak for itself, free of all personal admixture; an "impressionist" of the soul, in fact, if one dare thus freely apply the name of the painter-school of Manet and Monet to a musician, inasmuch as the revolutionizing process, the gradual evolving of a new ideal of expression, is much the same in both cases.

The only one of the younger Russian school who is called a disciple of Moussórgsky, by reason of the freedom and audacity of his conceptions, Igor Stravínsky, is, however, far from the roots and mainsprings of Moussórgsky's art. His extraordinary technique leads him to an external, kaleidoscopic portrayal of life, quite unlike the direct simplicity, the power of divination of the master.

To study Moussórgsky's work is a profound experience in a musician's life, one likely to revolutionize not only accepted musical standards, but also to enlarge his vision of the spiritual and psychic powers of music. It is futile to argue, as many of Moussórgsky's contemporaries did, that he lacked technique, that his artistic equipment was amateurish, that his originality was freakishness. We who are able to envisage the entire field of his life's work, and to gauge the tremendous seriousness and achievement of it, can appreciate the sum of its energy, the unerring logic of it all, the long path of self-development that he travelled.—Moussórgsky was young enough, when he took up music as a career, to assimilate all the classical technique of music, if he had so desired. But his conviction was bent upon finding his own way, free from all convention, to express all the emotions of the human heart as faithfully to nature as possible. And so he began his way, at first stumbling and staggering, often rugged and uncouth in his work, but finally arriving at heights of overpowering directness and lucidity. Thus his life's achievement stands before us completed in a Rembrandtian chiaroscuro, with the high lights always placed

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where they lay bare the essential life of the soul. This is why his songs are such revelations of psychology, and why the character of Boris Godounoff or of Dosifiéï and Marfa in "Khovánshtchina" affect audiences with the direct power of Shakespearian drama.

Moussórgsky's songs constitute the bulk and mainstay of his artistic bequest. Besides these, and the two completed operas, he wrote only two operatic fragments ("The Fair of Sorótchinsk" and "The Wedding"); a small number of less significant piano-pieces, an orchestral fantasy, and a few choral works (among them the superb biblical cantata "Joshua"). But among the songs there is a wide variety, and here we find the Moussórgsky who uncovers the soul of his art in all its purity. Here he is usually free from the influence of the Russian folk-song, which otherwise so engrossingly preoccupied him as to become almost a part of his own self. The collections comprising the four "Songs and Dances of Death" and the six songs of the cycle "Without Sunlight" show us the quintessence of Moussórgsky. They were written during the darkest period of his life, after his opera "Boris" had, despite its success, been banished from the stage because of political intrigue, and while he was living in poverty and seclusion with his poet-friend, Count Golénishtcheff-Kutōzoff. Here we find a descriptive power uncanny in its visual correctness; melodic lines of undreamt-of boldness; harmonies that none other heard or felt before him; and a masterful handling of technical resources and of declamation.

Probably no layman can imagine the difficulty of translating these strange and powerful musical incarnations into poetic or even adequate English. This, then, being the first time that these song-cycles are given in English versions, no effort was spared by my collaborators and myself to render them as perfectly as possible; many a poem in this volume has been translated four or five times, before one compound version was deemed acceptable.

I was singularly fortunate in having as my collaborators such men of both musical and literary ability as Messrs. George Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor; while for the correctness of the translation my wife (herself a Russian) and myself stand sponsors. Thus I can vouch for the conscientiousness with which the attempt has been made to render every shade of the literary meaning into English idiom, as well as for the scrupulous care taken to have everything singable and correctly accented. Being myself a hearty believer in the use of the English language for song-recitals—since non-understanding or half-understanding on the part of the audience kills the very sense of such entertainments—I find it especially needed in the case of Moussórgsky's songs, where word and music form the most intimate union, and where the one conveys nothing without the other. Apart from this, the use of French, German, or even Italian translations seems quite inappropriate before an English-speaking audience, as I said, six years ago, in the preface to "A Century of Russian Song." This

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earlier collection, which has so effectively instilled a love for Russian Song in America, already contained eleven songs by Moussórgsky, which of course have not been included in the present volume. Interested musicians may want to consult these, especially as they will find among them one additional song from each of the afore-mentioned song-cycles, which could not well be included here.

All periods of Moussórgsky's productivity from 1857 to about 1880, are represented in this new collection. The years of the forming of his personality (1865-67), when he lived in the country near Pskoff, and observed and analyzed the melodies and unconscious musical expressions of the peasants all around him, are especially featured; the "Orphan Girl," the "Love-Song of the Idiot," the "Magpie," and the biblical "Song of Solomon" (noted down from the lips of Jewish peasants), are among the first-fruits of this period of observation, during which he was bent upon deeper psychology and expression; written during this same period, songs like "The Bank of the Don" and the "Country Feast" attest to his happy gift of description.

The humorous side of Moussórgsky, which is such an essential and unique feature of his work, is represented by the excruciatingly funny adventures of the young Latin scholar (the Seminarian), by the Doll's Cradle-Song, and finally by the dances of Parásha and Khivria (from the Little-Russian opera-fragment "The Fair of Sorótchinsk"). Little-Russian melodies, so different in kind from the Northern Russian music, attracted Moussórgsky's attention frequently, and his "Dnyéper-Song" is the very embodiment of the proud, fiery music of the Cossacks. The "Revery of the Young Peasant," and the song "Little Star so bright," in their close affinity to the pure Russian folk-song, show how deeply the composer had entered into and comprehended the soul of the Russian peasant. Finally, two battle-songs stand out from all the rest as towering creations of vital import to our war-ridden age. "After the Battle," the ballad of the lonely soldier who dies far from wife and child, is impressive beyond description. With a simple but inexorable rhythm, with harsh and pitilessly logical harmonies, the grim picture is evoked. Moussórgsky was inspired to write it after seeing Verestchágin's painting of the same subject at a picture exhibit. Tsar Alexander II, who visited the same gallery a few days later, was so violently affected by the picture's strong realism, that the painter, out of deferenee to the Tsar, destroyed his own work. The tone-picture, however, that it inspired in Moussórgsky lives on with us, as one of the most powerful delineations in modern music. And what shall we call the song of "Death the Commander," if not the very incarnation in music of the horror of War?

The last number of this volume—not strictly a song, but a dramatic excerpt of melodies from the opera "Khovánshtchina"—was included to illustrate the ultimate period of the

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composer's creativeness, and the strains of sublime mysticism which his genius could then evoke. Marfa, a young fanatic belonging to the sect of "Old-Believers," finds herself cut off by the enemy's troops in a dense forest, with her co-sectarians, who choose to die on a funeral pyre rather than surrender. In the supreme moment Prince Khovansky, son of a dethroned Boïar, but dearly beloved by Marfa, joins her in the forest; and she, inspired with the spirit of self-immolation, bids him die with her, and consecrates him with the "Hallelujah of Love," while slowly circling about him with a lighted candle in each upraised hand. This scene belongs to the most sublime that can be seen on the stage, and the music reveals the mystic and divine powers of the soul. Americans have the right to know of it, even though the Metropolitan opera-stage still continues to bar the opera itself. That is why it was chosen to end this book.

I cannot close this introductory note without once more expressing my thanks and indebtedness to Messrs. George Harris, Jr., and Deems Taylor for the unfaltering patience and painstaking labor by which they have made it possible for me to present this volume and its companion (twenty-five songs by Balákireff, Tchaïkovsky, Borodíne, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Gretchanínoff and Rachmáninoff). It was their conviction as well as mine that we were trustees of an important bequest to the American public, and it was in this spirit of earnest devotion that all obstacles were approached.

Stony Brook, L. I.,
August 26, 1917.

Kurt Schindler.

Short Explanatory Notes

No. 4. The Country Feast. The frequent changes of rhythm need not disturb any singers. The song drawls on slowly and easily, with no change of the basic quarter-note. The interpretation has to consist mainly in bringing out the broad humor of the words, observing all the marks for expression and dynamics. In winter-time the Russian peasants wear clumsy furs and boots, and there is much pomp and ceremony in their festivities. Hence the heavy rhythm, which is in reality the rare $\frac{11}{4}$, known only in Russian folk-song (compare the Finale of "Snyegóurotchka," with its pompous Hymn to the Sun).

No. 5. Love-Song of the Idiot. One day in the country Moussórgsky witnessed a strange scene, which passed directly beneath his window. The village simpleton ("Yuródivui," as he is called in Russia), a poor half-witted wretch, was confronting one of the village belles, pouring out in breathless, pleading accents his long-repressed love for her. There was a touching, imploring chant, a real melody, in his voice, and the fascinated listener jotted down, unheeded, the intonations of the poor boy. From this sketch grew the song, which can be correctly interpreted only when the same tone of pleading, relentless, hopeless despair is employed by the singer. In spite of all their mockery, the Russian peasants have a superstitious reverence for their "Yuródivui," to whom they impute the power of second sight.

No. 6. The Orphan Girl. This tune was likewise culled from the lips of peasants. Although I never doubted the fact (not chronicled elsewhere by Moussórgsky's biographers), I was able recently to establish it, when perusing a Russian museum-publication on the songs of the "Kalíki perekhózhie," the wandering beggar-groups of Russia. There I found the music of a typical beggar-verse ("Stikh níshtchikh") with the same rhythm and melodic outline as this Orphan Song. It begins, "May the Lord be kind to you, you and all your ancestors!"

No. 7. The Seminarian. Latin students the world over have to "cram their heads" with the famous list of exceptional masculine nouns "Panis, piscis, crinis, finis"; and it may be taken for granted that a goodly proportion of the public understands the dread that these words evoke in young scholars. One feature of the humor of this song may escape the attention of those who have never attended services of the Russian Orthodox Church. The middle section, describing the

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holy mass, down to the point where the Seminarian intones a psalm "in the sixth liturgic mode," is actually written in the modal sequences of the so-called sixth tone of the Russian Liturgy. For those unfamiliar with the institutions of the Russian Church, be it explained that "Father Simeon" is a lay priest, a "Pope," and consequently is allowed to marry, and to have a beautiful daughter.

No. 13. Death's Lullaby. As in Schubert's "Death and the Maiden," it is necessary that the interpreter should use different intonations for the pleading of the mother and for the cold, inexorable answers of Death. Especially important is this change of voice for the icy "No!" which cuts off the heart-cry of the mother (last page but one).

No. 15. Death the Commander. In the last nine bars Death dances a Trepák, the accentuated Russian peasant-dance.

No. 17. Silently Floated a Spirit. An early counterpart to Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," one of the few pure lyrics in Moussórgsky's work.

No. 18. The Doll's Cradle Song. Moussórgsky took delight in reproducing all the dainty, minute inflections of the child's voice. In singing it, one should try to imitate the melodious drawl of the youngster, almost relapsing into speech at the end.

No. 19. Night. An early work, and one of the few erotic lyrics from Moussórgsky's pen. It has a particularly fine sweep and much subtle detail; the spirit of Púshkiń and Turgénieff breathes in it. The name of the author of the poem is not given.

No. 22. Retrospect. Mark the extraordinary movement of triplets in the visionary middle part! This device was adopted by Debussy in "Pelléas."

No. 23. Resignation. Mark the keen incisiveness of the harmonies and the power of saying much with small means, as if sketching!

No. 24. Elegy. This song is very difficult to interpret. It needs supreme poise and a great gift for contrast on the part of both singer and pianist. Keep the first page and a half very quiet, the next-following one and a half page fleeting, shadowy, restless; then, after a short episode of sweet reminiscence, a rising whirlwind of shadows sweeps on, finally sinking down into itself like a fire-brand that is extinguished. "The great sad bell of Death" rings, as from an unseen monastery, and all ends in a dim haze of twilight

No. 25. Consecration. The first page and a half, and the entire end of this number, are taken from the last (4th) act of the opera. The middle section (which in the last act returns only as a short reminiscence) is given in its full form as found in the 3d act.

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J. ... SOMERVINE
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After the Battle

A BALLAD

(Balláda)

English version* by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Alla marcia. Sostenuto, ma non troppo
Voice
He met his death in for - eign land, In
Piano
sf
p pesante
bit - ter fight - ing, hand to hand; His friends have won the vic - to - ry, And
cresc.
they are shout - ing. On - ly he, For - got - ten un - der - neath the skies, A - lone he lies. And
dim.
sf

* Original poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff - Kutòozoff (after the destroyed picture by Vassili V. Vereshtchágin).

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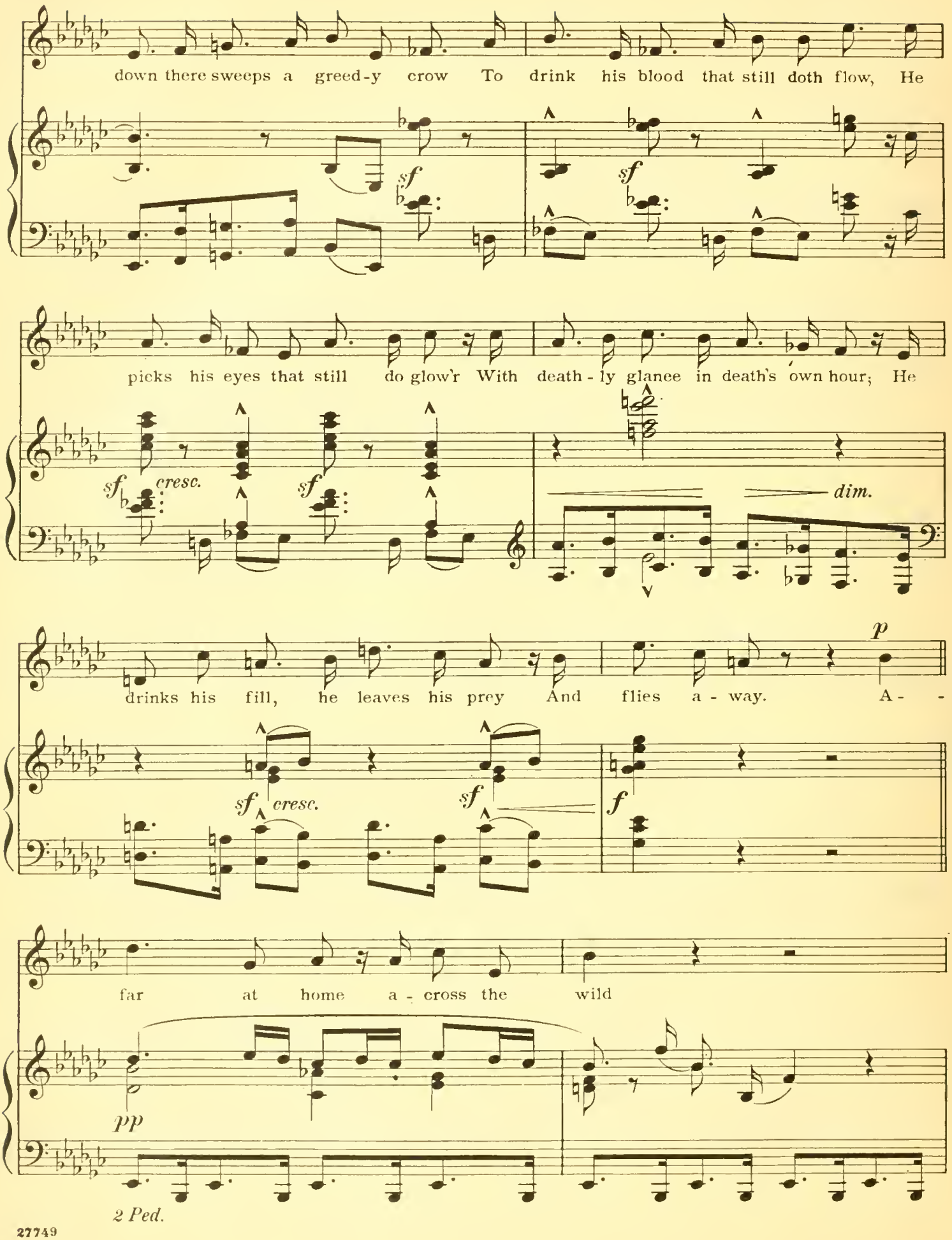
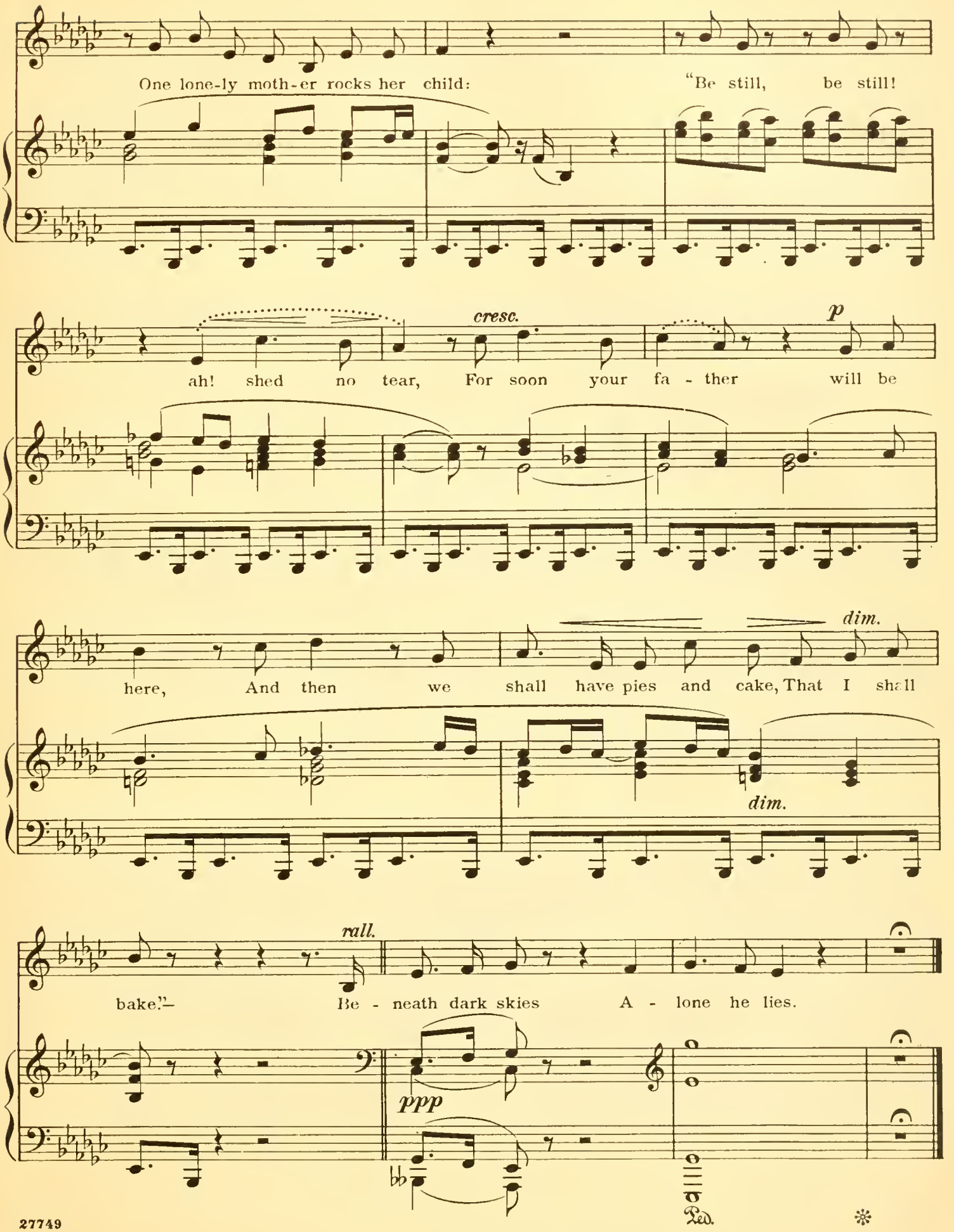

down there sweeps a greed-y crow To drink his blood that still doth flow, He
sf
sf
picks his eyes that still do glow'r With death-ly glance in death's own hour; He
sf cresc.
sf
dim.
drinks his fill, he leaves his prey And flies a-way. A-
p
sf cresc.
sf
f
far at home a-cross the wild
pp
2 Ped.


One lone-ly moth-er rocks her child:
"Be still, be still!
cresc.
p
ah! shed no tear, For soon your fa - ther will be
dim.
here, And then we shall have pies and cake, That I shall
dim.
rall.
bake."—
Be - neath dark skies A - lone he lies.
ppp
Ped.

Little Star So Bright

(Gdye tui zvyózdotchka?)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1857)
Posthumous work, revised by
V. G. Karatuigin

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black of night?
Where art thou, maid-en fair, With thy locks of gold - en hair? Hast for -
sak - en thy love, hast thou left him in de-spair, Him, so true and so brave, true be -

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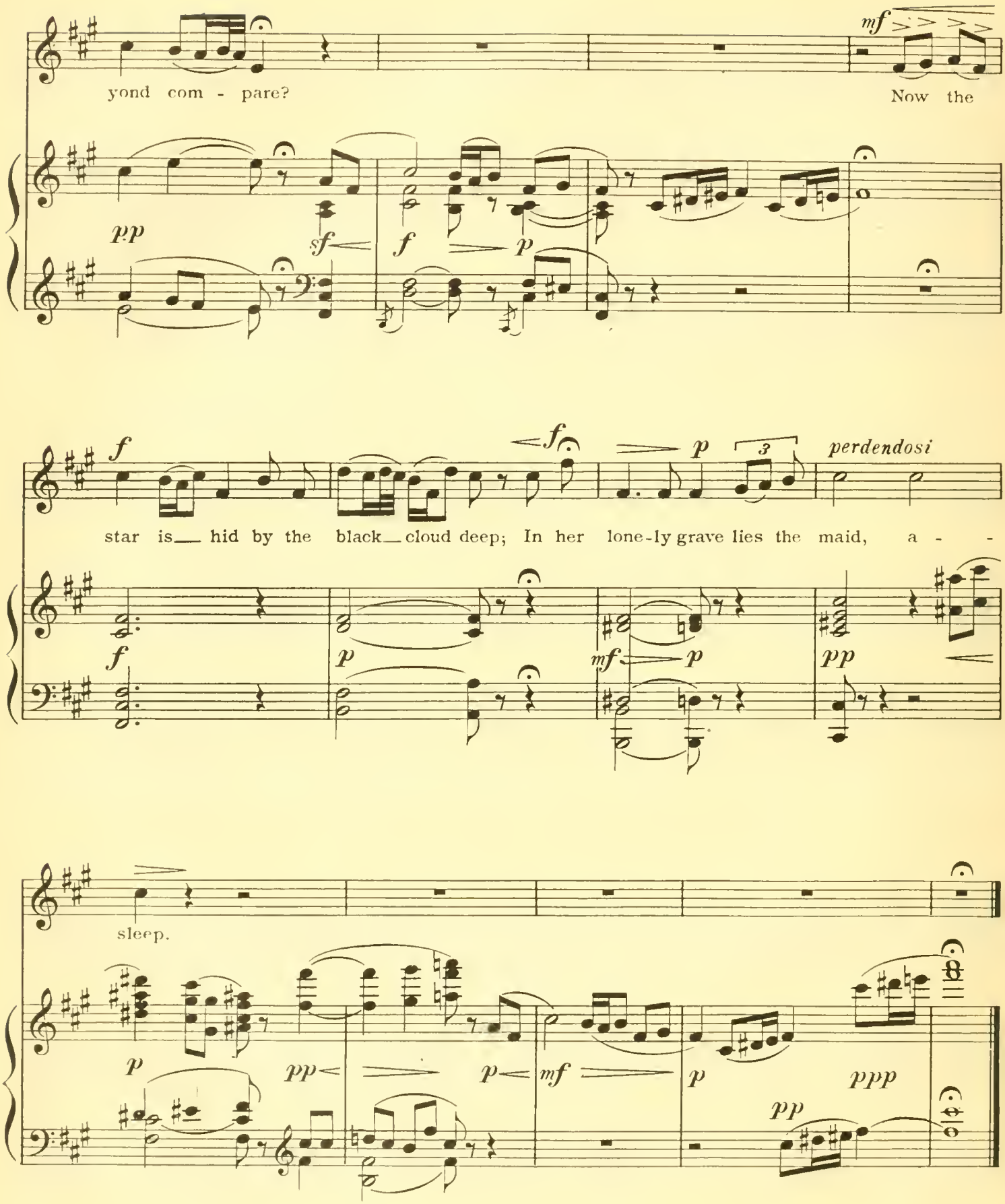

yond com - pare?
Now the
star is hid by the black cloud deep; In her lone-ly grave lies the maid, a - -
sleep.
perdendosi

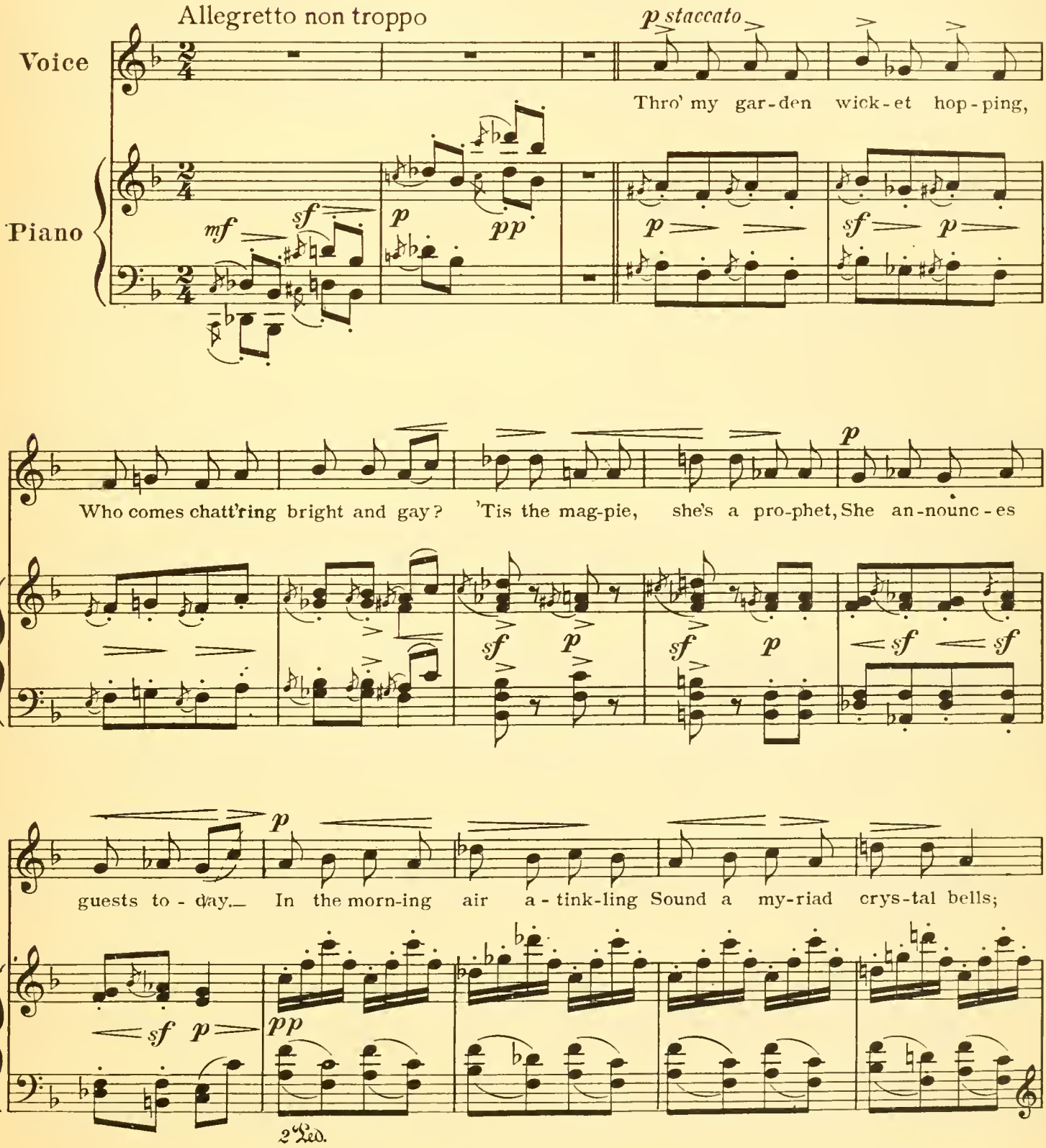
The Magpie and the Little Gypsy Dancer

A HUMORESQUE

(Soróka)

English version by
Kurt Schindler
After the poem by Pushkin

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)


Allegretto non troppo
Voice
Piano
p staccato
Thro' my gar-den wick-et hop-ping,
Who comes chatt'ring bright and gay? 'Tis the mag-pie, she's a pro-phet, She an-nounc-es
guests to-day. In the morn-ing air a-tink-ling Sound a my-riad crys-tal bells;
2 Ped.

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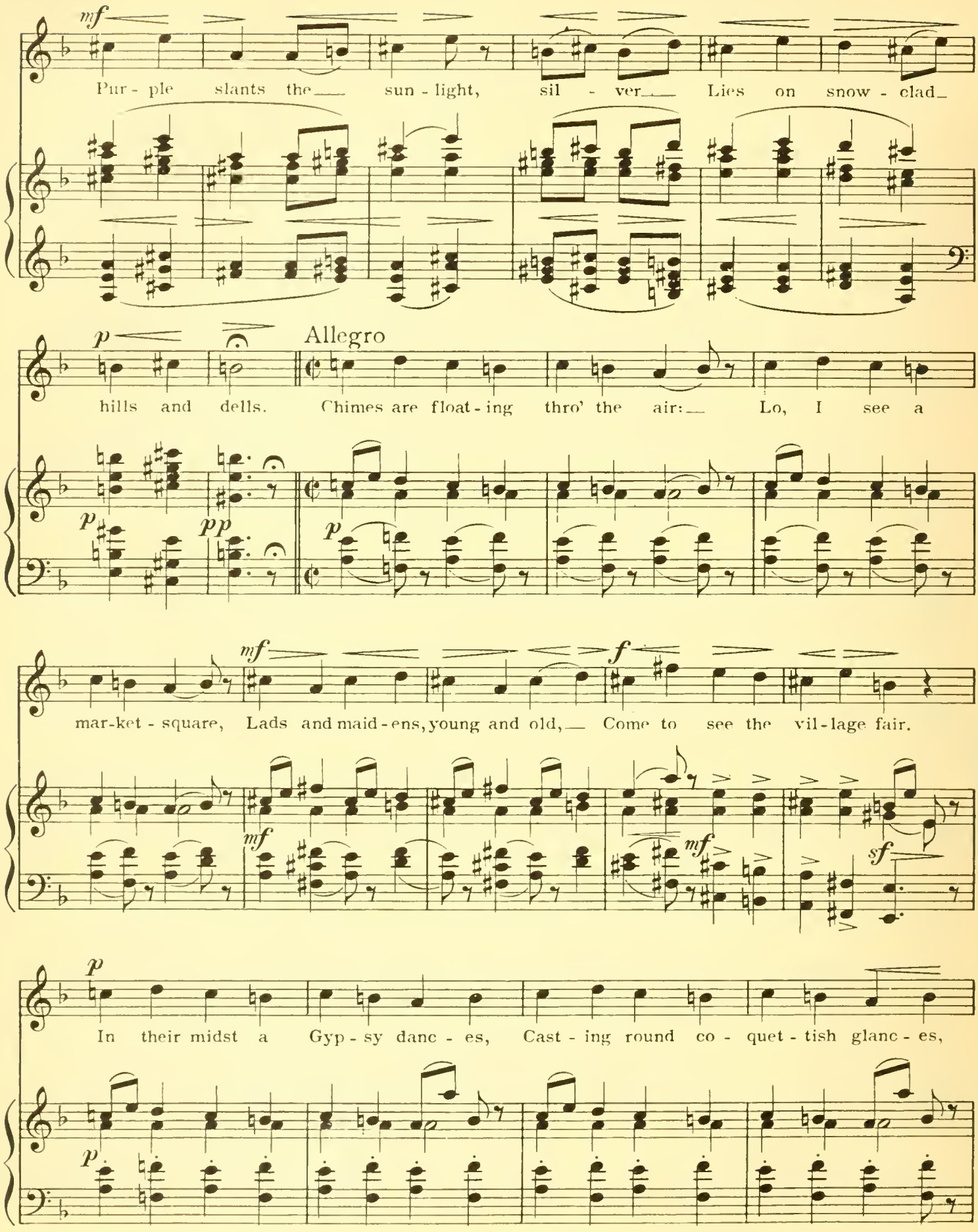
mf
Pur - ple slants the sun - light, sil - ver Lies on snow - clad
p
hills and dells.
Allegro
Chimes are float - ing thro' the air: Lo, I see a
mar-ket - square, Lads and maid - ens, young and old, Come to see the vil - lage fair.
In their midst a Gyp - sy danc - es, Cast - ing round co - quet - tish glanc - es,

Beats her tam-bou-rine so spright-ly, Waves her ker-chief to the throng,
Skip-ping, trip-ping, smil-ing bright-ly; Then in-tones her lit-tle song:
"Hark, good peo-ple, to my songs, and lis-ten well, By my
cards your for-tunes let me tell!"

Tempo I°
p staccato
And the mag-pie still is hop-ping, Chat - t'ring, bab-bling, bright and gay;—
pp
mf
She's an - oth - er lit - tle Gyp - sy, She's a pro - phet in her way.—
sf
p
sf
p
sf
sf
sf
p
In the morn - ing air a - tink - ling Sound a my - riad
pp
2 Ped.
mf
crys - tal bells, And the sun - light— sheds its
p

pp
sil - ver_ O - ver snow - clad_ hills and dells._
pp
pp
Allegro
p
cresc.
mf
cresc.
While the lit - tle Gyp - sy danc - es, Cast - ing round co - quet - tish glanc - es:
p
cresc.
mf
cresc.
f
"Hark, good peo - ple, to my songs, and lis - ten well,_
sf
f
sf
By my cards_ your_ for - tunes let me tell!"
sf
p

The Country Feast

(Peerōōshka)

Poem by Koltzóff
English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)

Tranquillo
Voice
Piano
They had o-pened wide the might-y doors of oak;
Some on horse and some in sleds the guests ar-rived. In sa-lute the host and
host-ess bowed to them; From the court they led them to the light-ed hall,

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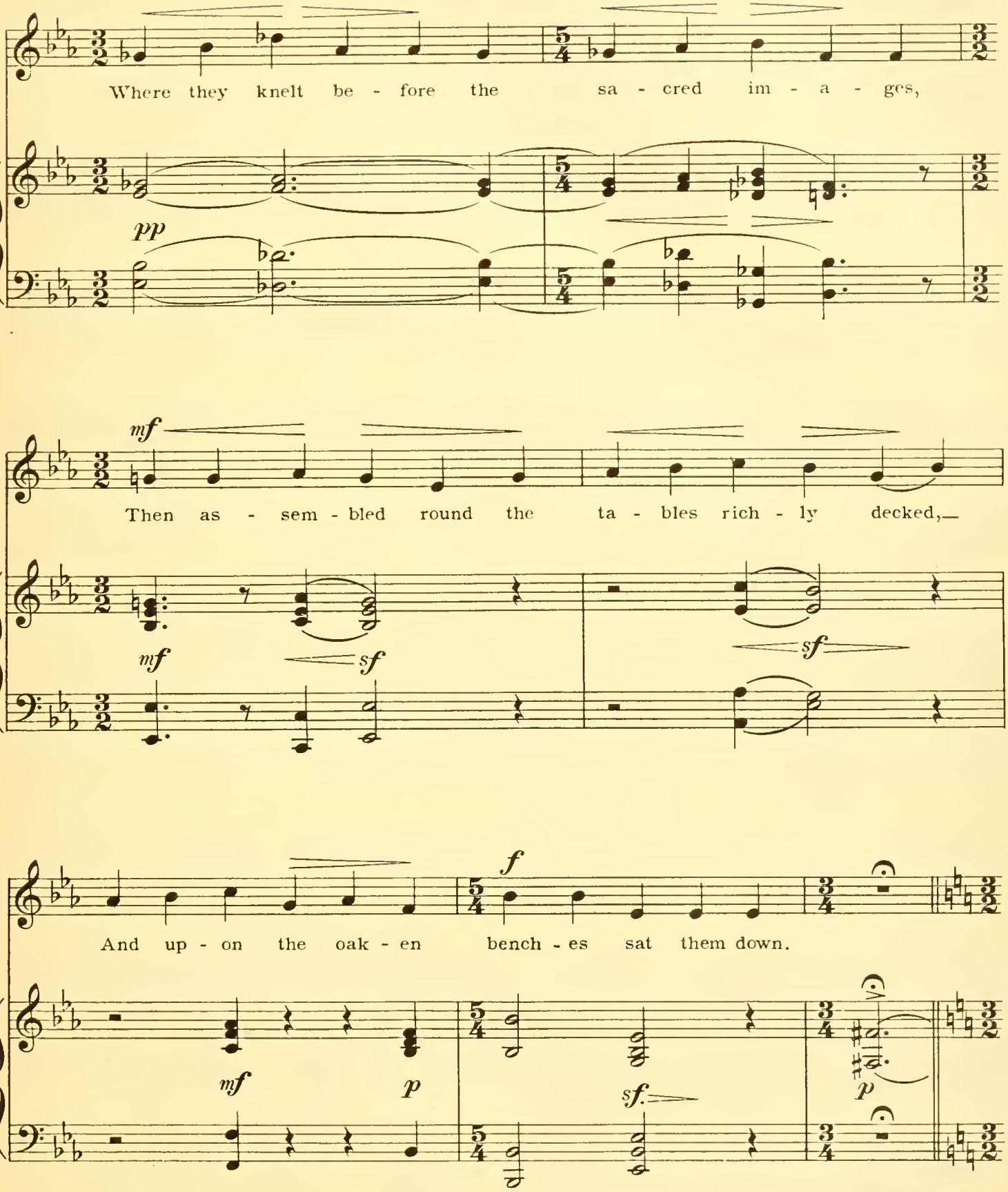
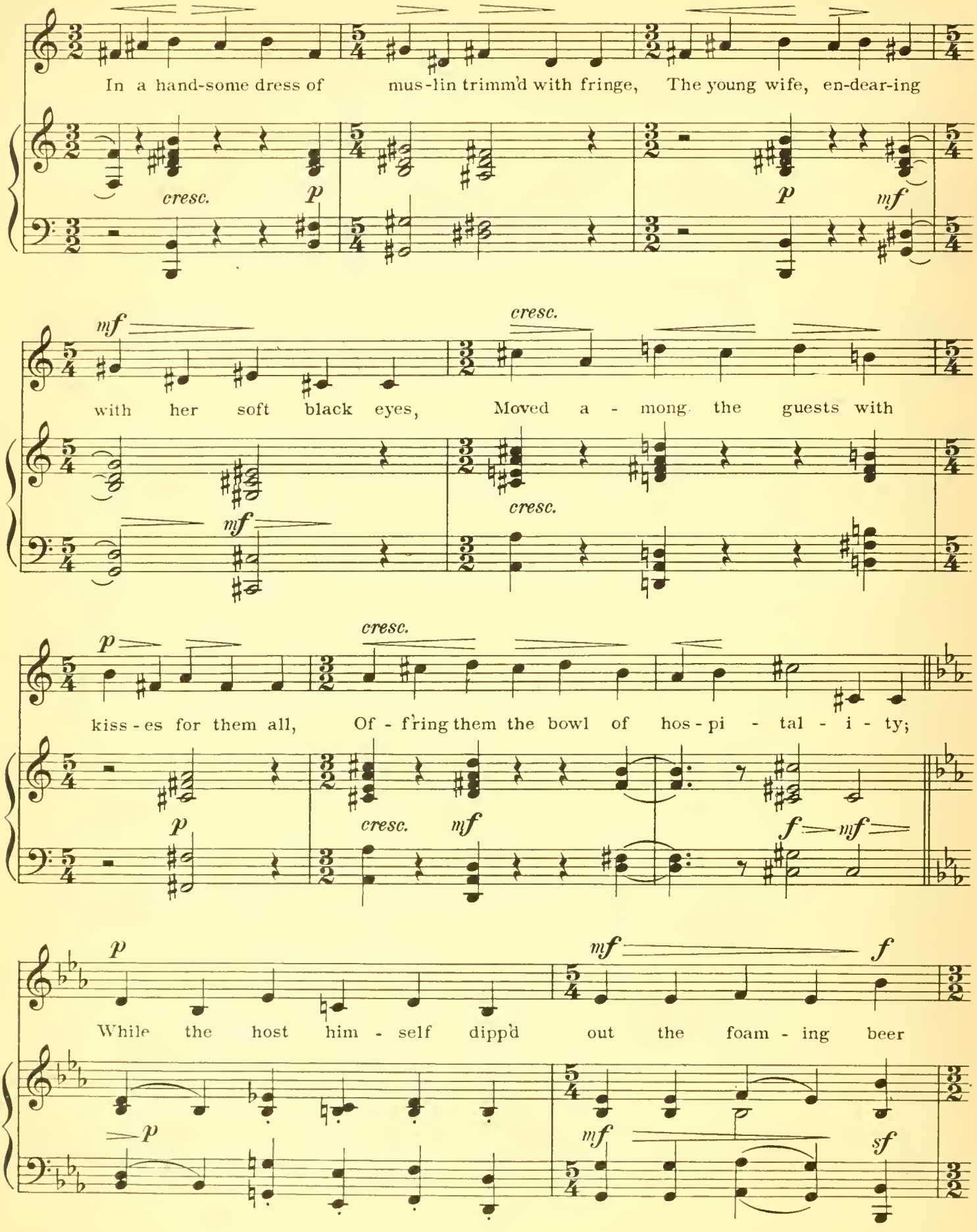

Where they knelt be - fore the sa - cred im - a - ges,
pp
mf
Then as - sem - bled round the ta - bles rich - ly decked,
mf
sf
sf
f
And up - on the oak - en bench - es sat them down.
mf
p
sf.
p


In a hand-some dress of mus-lin trimm'd with fringe, The young wife, en-dear-ing
cresc.
p
p
mf
mf
cresc.
with her soft black eyes, Moved a - mong the guests with
mf
cresc.
p
cresc.
kiss-es for them all, Of - f'ring them the bowl of hos-pi - tal - i - ty;
p
cresc.
mf
f
mf
p
While the host him - self dipp'd out the foam - ing beer
mf
f
p
mf
sf

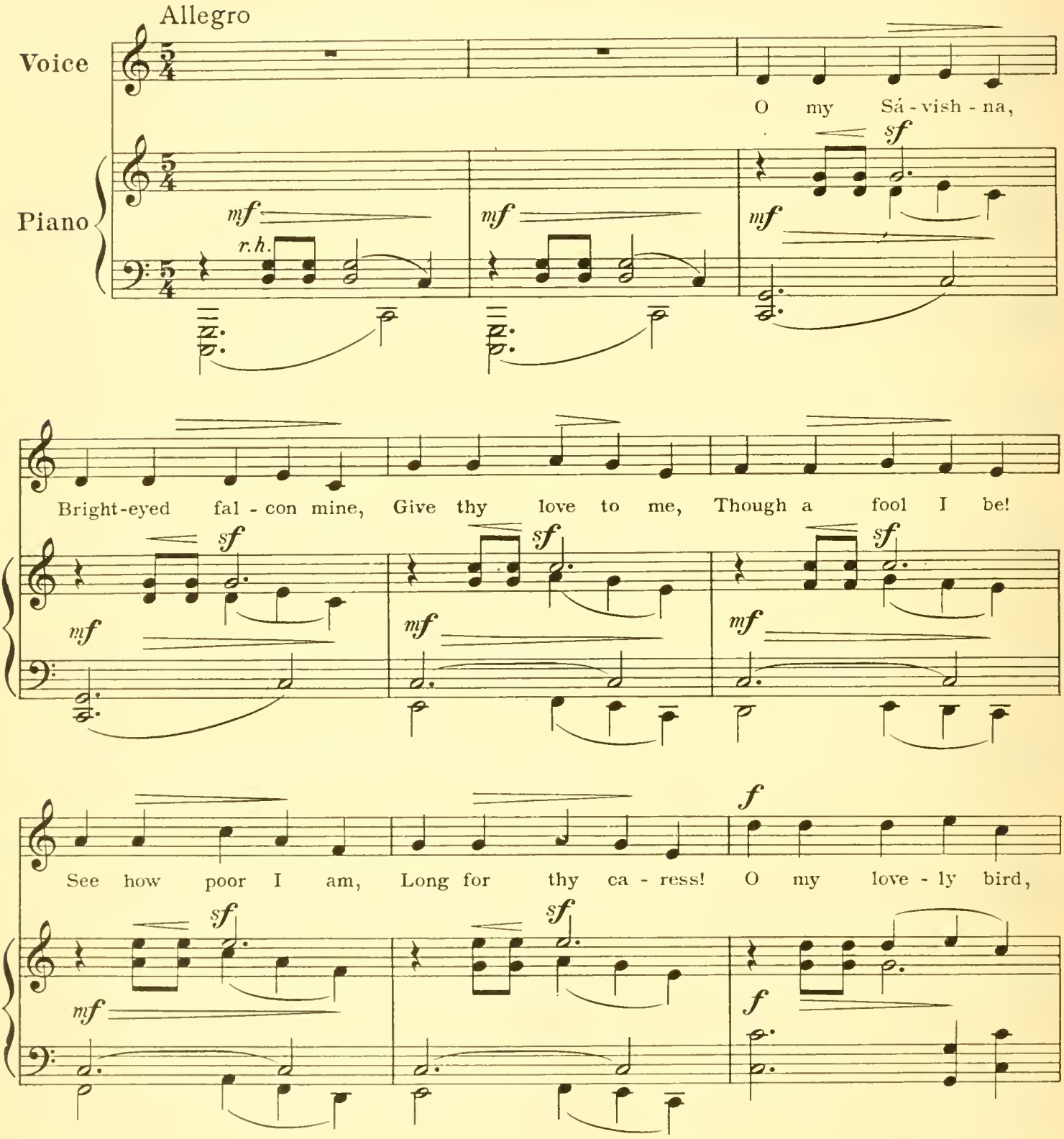
With a spoon em-boss'd with le-gends of his house, And the mas-ter's daugh-ter,
pass-ing mead to them, Went a-mong the guests with her sweet, child-like smile.
Thus the guests did eat and drink and laugh and talk From the close of day un -
til the mid-night hour.

Love-Song of the Idiot

(Svyétik Sávishna [Yuródivui])

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1865)


Allegro
Voice
Piano
r.h.
O my Sá - vish - na,
Bright-eyed fal - con mine, Give thy love to me, Though a fool I be!
See how poor I am, Long for thy ca - ress! O my love - ly bird,

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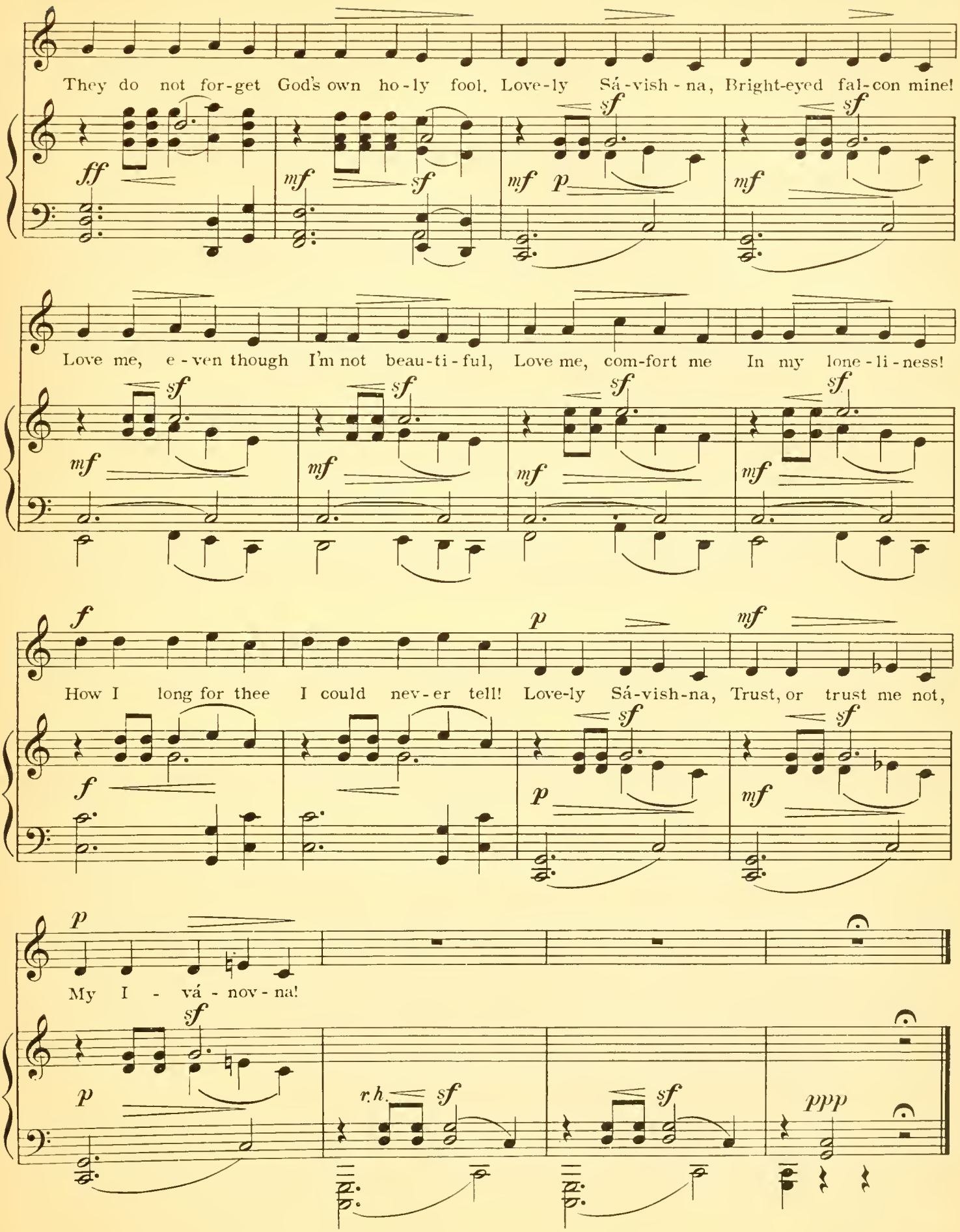
Bright - eyed fal - con mine, Love - ly Sá - vish - na, My I - vá - nov - na!
Scorn me not for my Na - ked mis - er - y, Scorn me not for my
Fate un - for - tu - nate! See, the peo - ple laugh At my ug - ly shape,
See how curst I am By their mock - er - y! And the pass - ers - by

Call me weak of mind, And they bow and laugh At God's ho - ly fool;
Love - ly Sá-vish-na, My I - vá - nov-na! With their feet they kick Me, the ho - ly fool,
With their fists they rain Blows up - on my head. But on hol - i - days, When the peo-ple feast,
And a - dorn them-selves With red rib-bons gay, Then they kind - ly throw Bits of bread to me,


They do not for-get God's own ho-ly fool. Love-ly Sá-vish-na, Bright-eyed fal-con mine!
Love me, e-ven though I'm not beau-ti-ful, Love me, com-fort me In my lone-li-ness!
How I long for thee I could nev-er tell! Love-ly Sá-vish-na, Trust, or trust me not,
My I - vá - nov-na!

The Orphan-Girl

(Sirótka)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1868)

Andante (alla breve)
Voice
Piano
Oh, Mis-ter, please be good! Dear Mis-ter, please be kind!
Please let me tell to you, I am an or - phan, a home - less child!
Hear what I say! Hun-ger and cold have been sup-per and bed for me,
l.h.
Ped.

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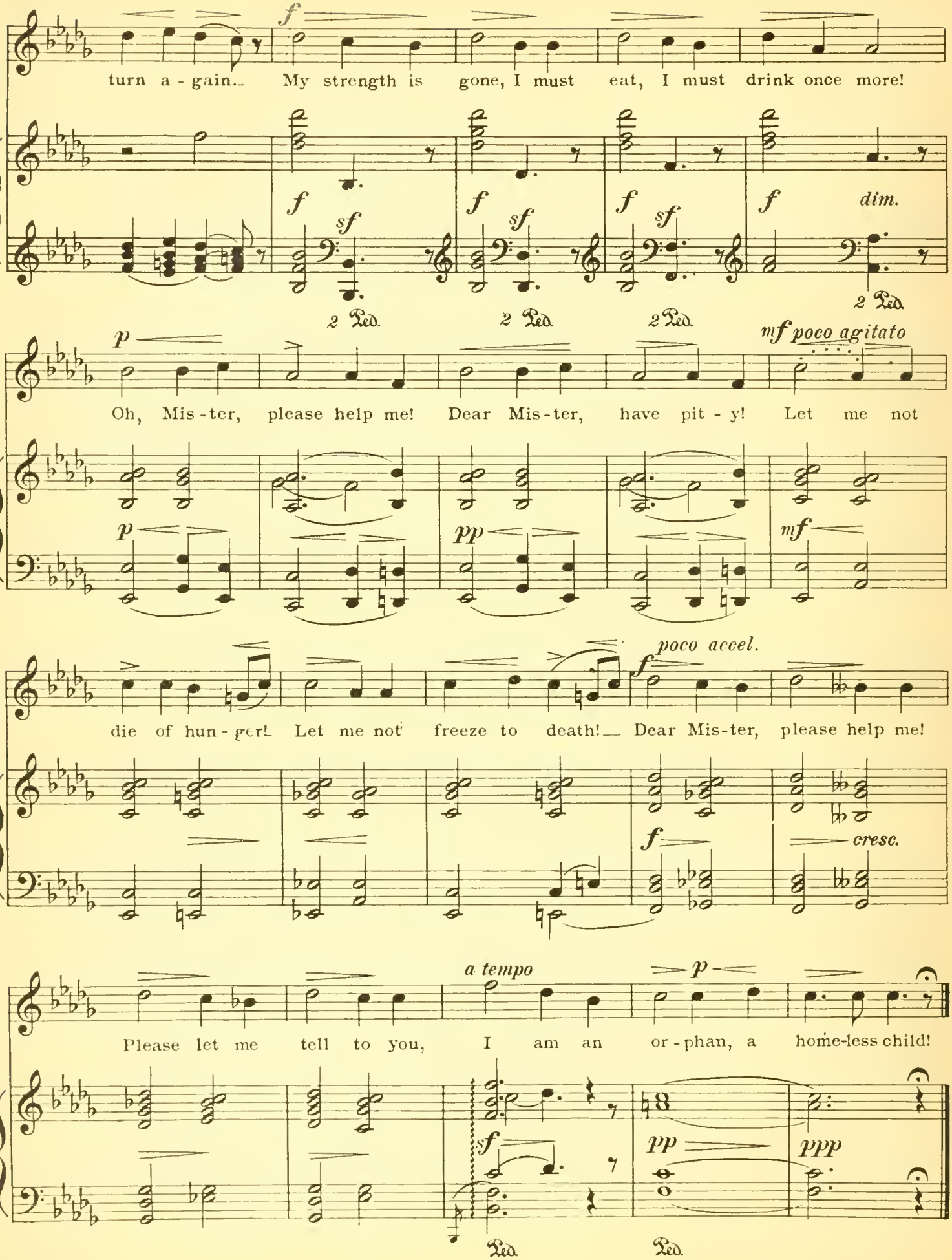
Night was my shel - ter and snow was my cov - er - let; All the peo-ple
scold - ed me and sent me a - way in tears,— Scorn was the one re - ply—
That I re - ceiv'd in my mis - er - y. Oft in the for - est I
hide my-self, sad and lone - ly, Then hun-ger calls me and makes me re -
2 Ped.


turn a - gain. My strength is gone, I must eat, I must drink once more!
f
f sf
f sf
f sf
f dim.
2 Ped.
2 Ped.
2 Ped.
2 Ped.
p
mf poco agitato
Oh, Mis - ter, please help me! Dear Mis - ter, have pit - y! Let me not
p
pp
mf
die of hun - ger! Let me not freeze to death! Dear Mis-ter, please help me!
poco accel.
f
f
cresc.
a tempo
p
Please let me tell to you, I am an or - phan, a home-less child!
sf
pp
ppp
Ped.
Ped.

The Seminarian

(Seminarist)

A HUMORESQUE

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1866)

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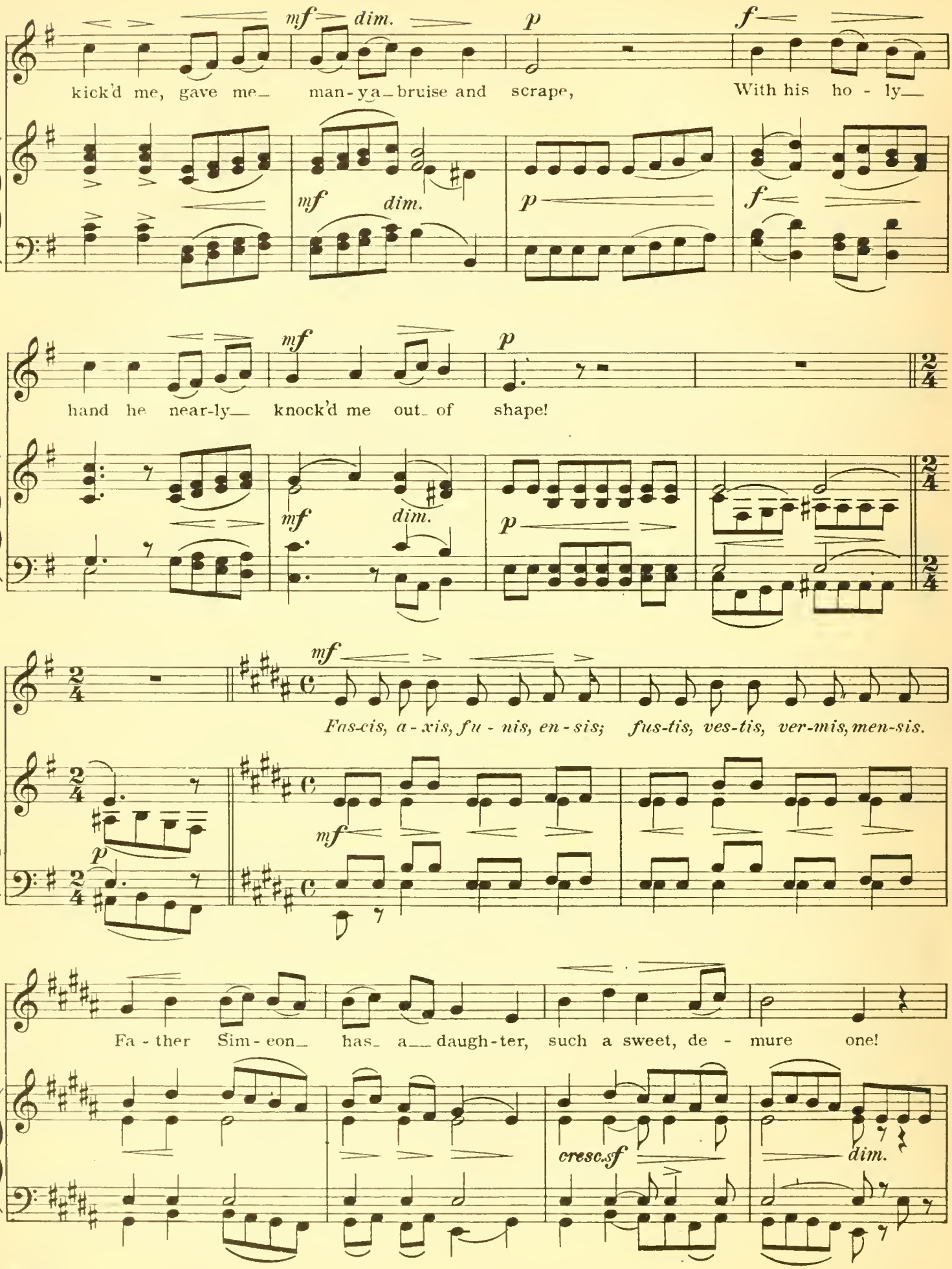
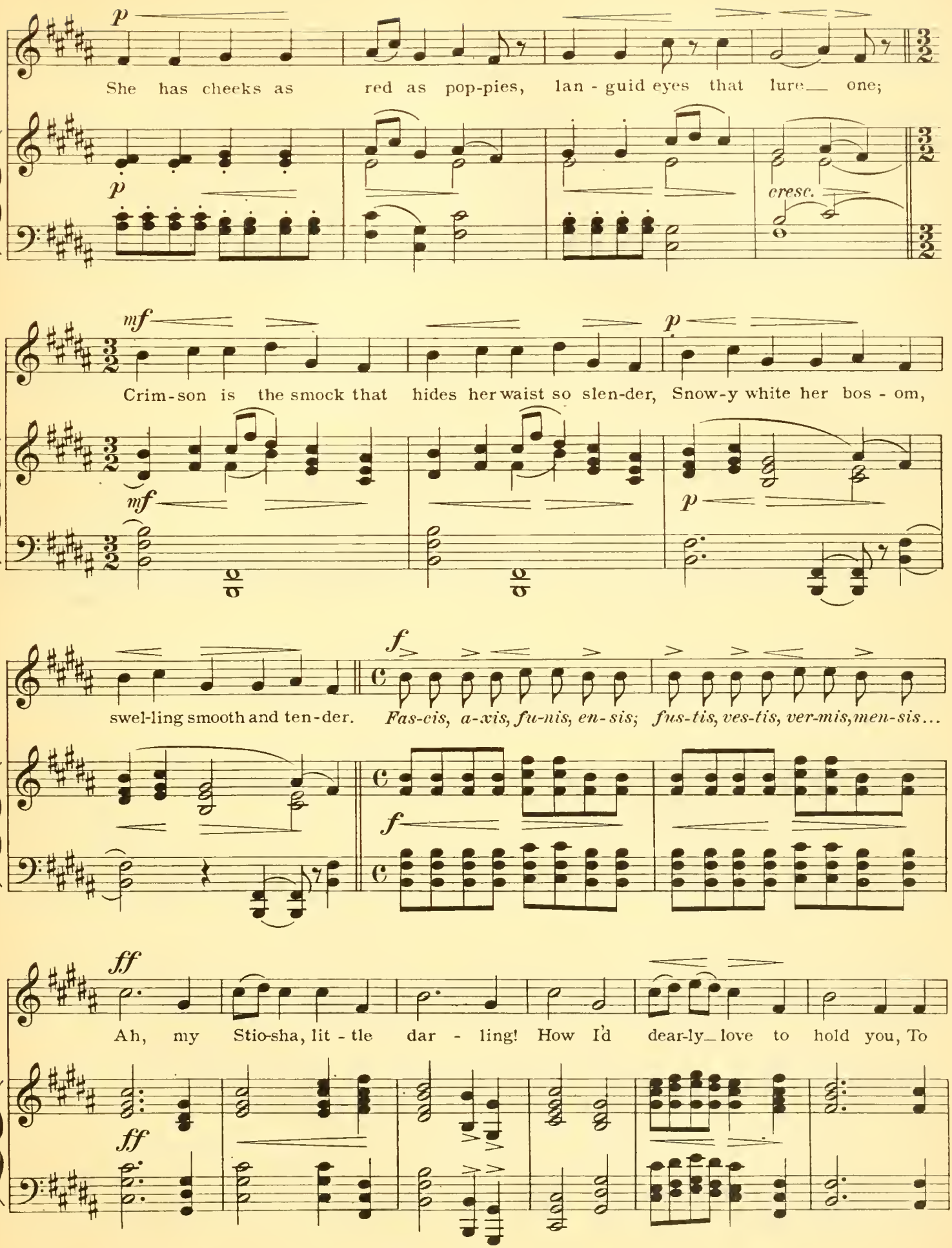
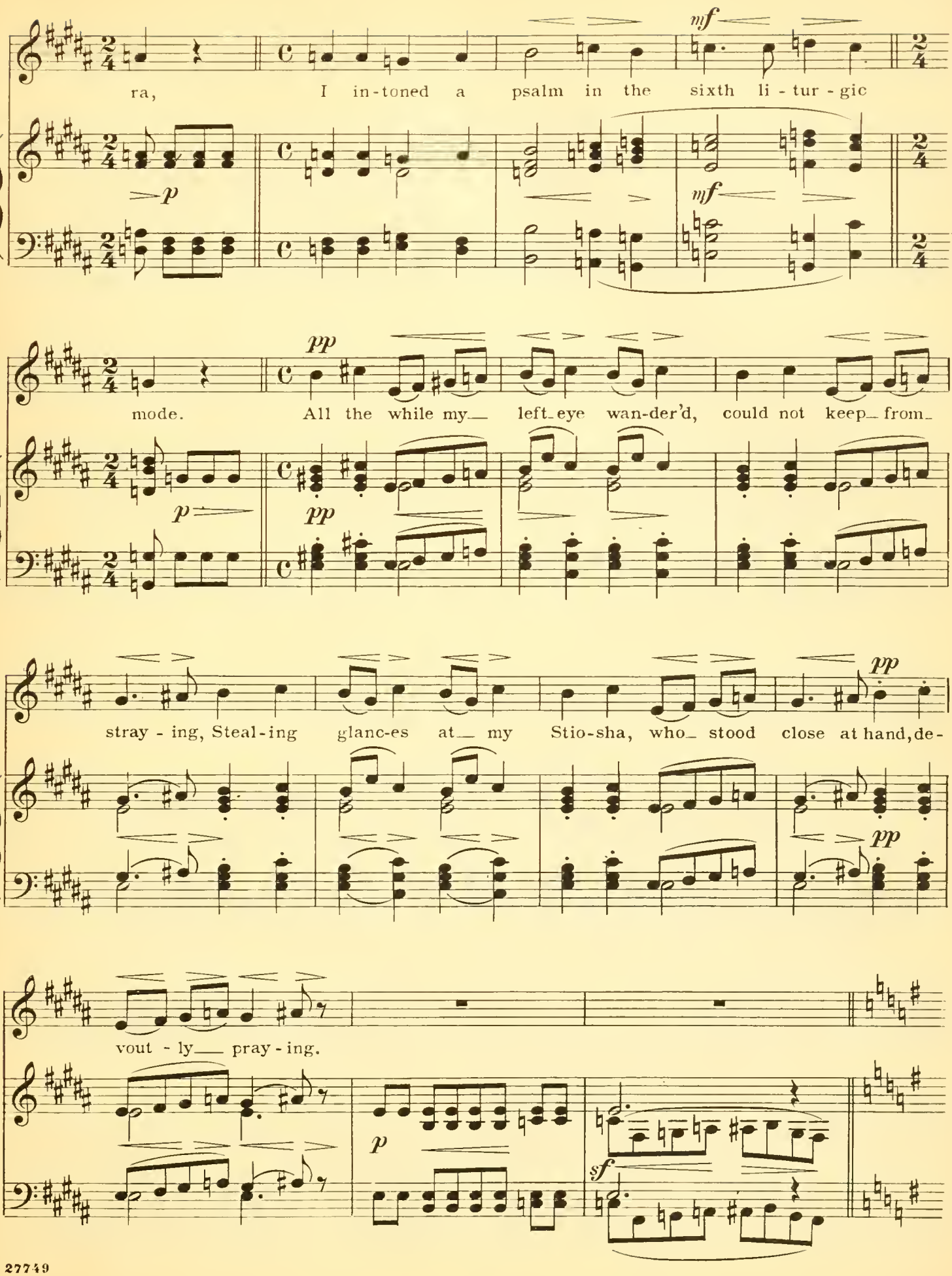
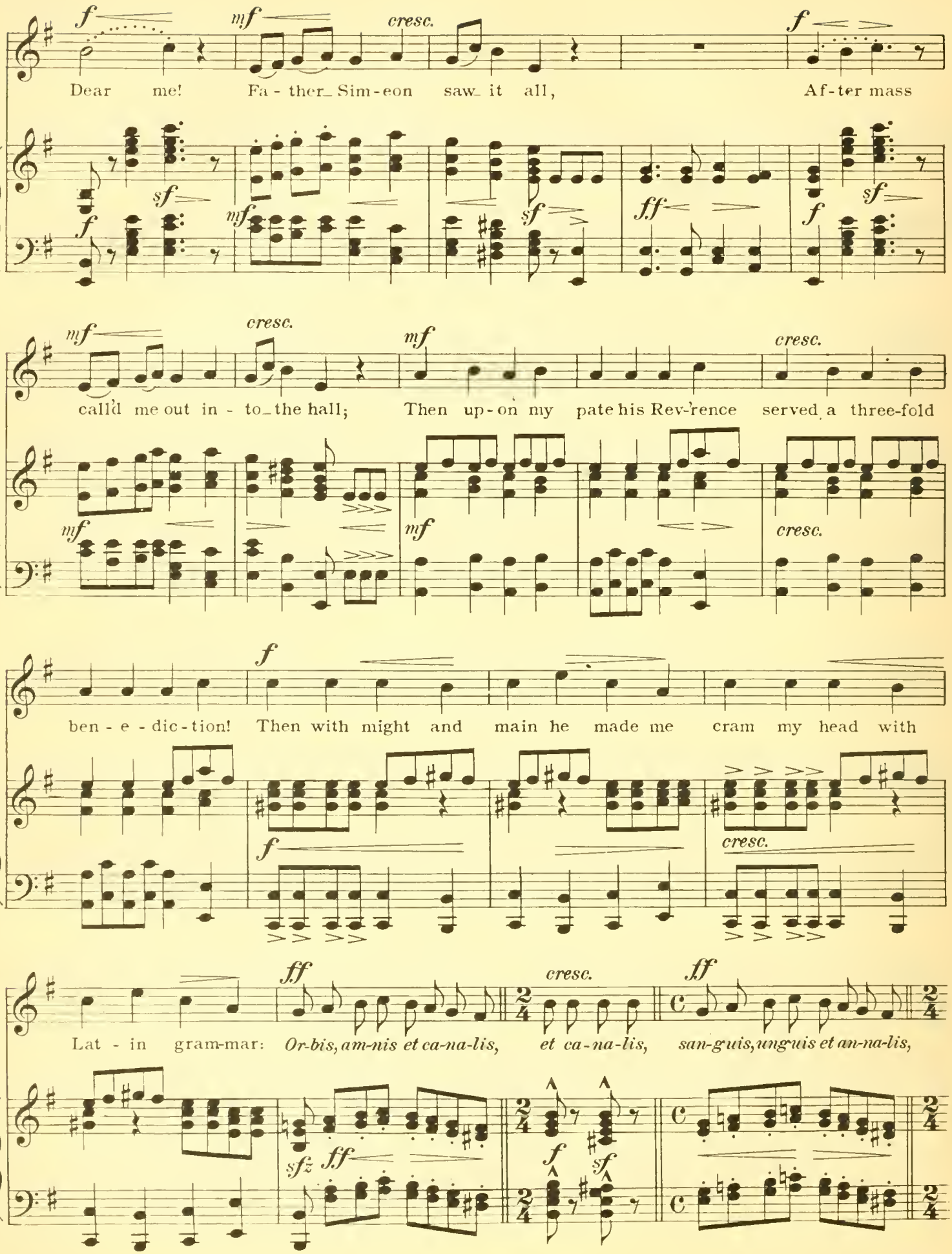
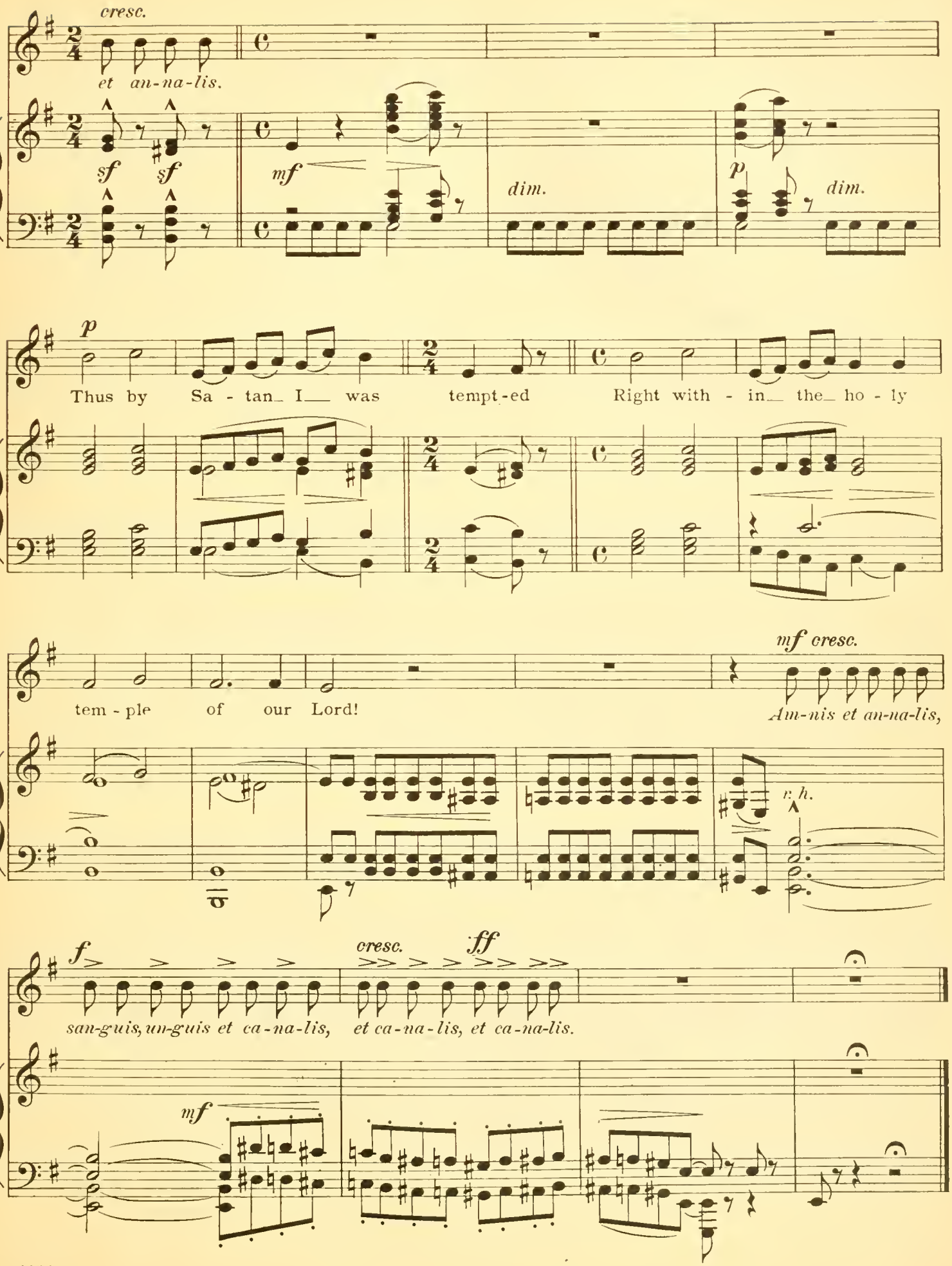

mf dim. p f
kick'd me, gave me_ man-ya_bruise and scrape, With his ho - ly_
mf dim. p f
mf p
hand he near-ly_ knock'd me out_ of shape!
mf dim. p
mf
Fas-cis, a - xis, fu - nis, en - sis; fus-tis, ves-tis, ver-mis, men-sis.
p mf
mf
Fa - ther Sim - eon_ has_ a_ daugh-ter, such a sweet, de - mure one!
cresc. sf dim.


p
She has cheeks as red as pop-pies, lan - guid eyes that lure one;
cresc.
mf
p
Crim-son is the smock that hides her waist so slen-der, Snow-y white her bos - om,
f
swel-ling smooth and ten-der. Fas-cis, a-xis, fu-nis, en-sis; fus-tis, ves-tis, ver-mis, men-sis...
ff
Ah, my Stio-sha, lit - tle dar - ling! How I'd dear-ly love to hold you, To

dim.
kiss you mad-ly, in my lov-ing arms to en - fold you!
dim.
mf
dim.
p
p
pp
p
Pos-tis, fol-lis, cu-cu-mis, at-que pol-lis, at-que pol-lis... cu-cu-mis,
pp
cu-cu-mis. Late-ly at the cel - e - bra - tion of a
cresc.
spe-cial mass in hon-or of the Ho-ly Mi-thro - do -
cresc.
2/4
2/4


ra, I in-toned a psalm in the sixth li-tur-gic
mode. All the while my— left-eye wan-der'd, could not keep— from-
stray-ing, Steal-ing glanc-es at— my Stio-sha, who— stood close at hand, de-
vout-ly— pray-ing.


Dear me! Fa - ther Sim-eon saw it all, Af-ter mass
call'd me out in - to the hall; Then up-on my pate his Rev'rence served a three-fold
ben - e - dic-tion! Then with might and main he made me cram my head with
Lat - in gram-mar: Or-bis, am-nis et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis, san-guis, ung-uis et an-na-lis,


cresc.
et an-na-lis.
sf sf
mf
dim.
p
dim.
p
Thus by Sa - tan I was tempt-ed Right with - in the ho - ly
tem - ple of our Lord!
mf cresc.
Am-nis et an-na-lis,
r. h.
f
cresc.
ff
san-guis, un-guis et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis, et ca-na-lis.
mf

The Song of Khívria

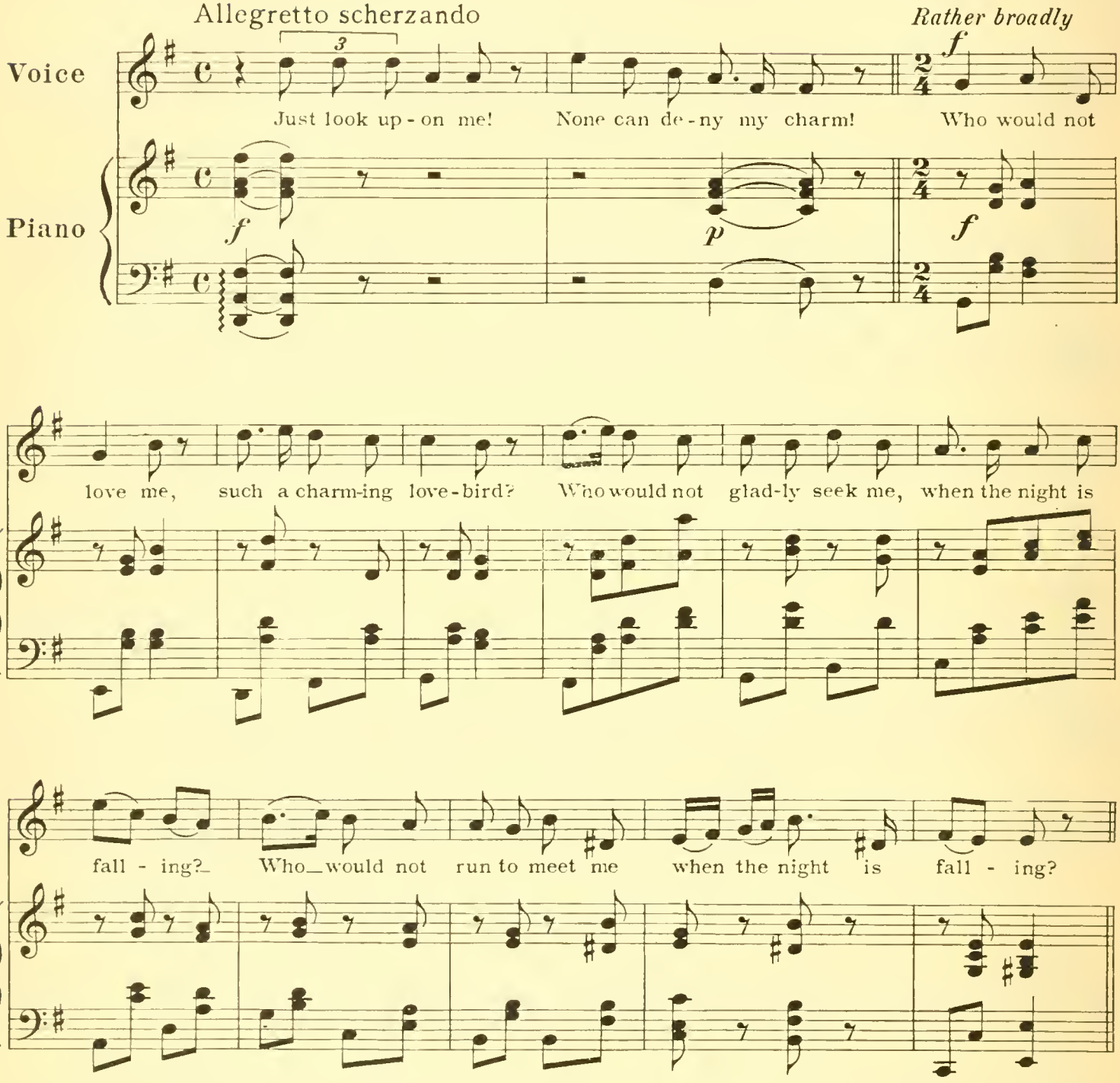
The Buxom Matron

COMIC DANCE-SONG

(Little-Russian)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)
Edited by A. Lyádoff


Allegretto scherzando
Rather broadly
Voice
Piano
Just look up - on me! None can de - ny my charm! Who would not
love me, such a charm-ing love-bird? Who would not glad-ly seek me, when the night is
fall - ing? Who would not run to meet me when the night is fall - ing?

* From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk" (1877), the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka." Khívria, the stepmother of Parásha (the heroine of Gógol's story), is a buxom matron, still far from averse to an occasional flirtation. She sings this song during the absence of her husband, the peasant Tcherevík, while she is awaiting the arrival of her lover Afanásius Ivánovitch, the pope's son, for whom she has prepared a delicious repast.

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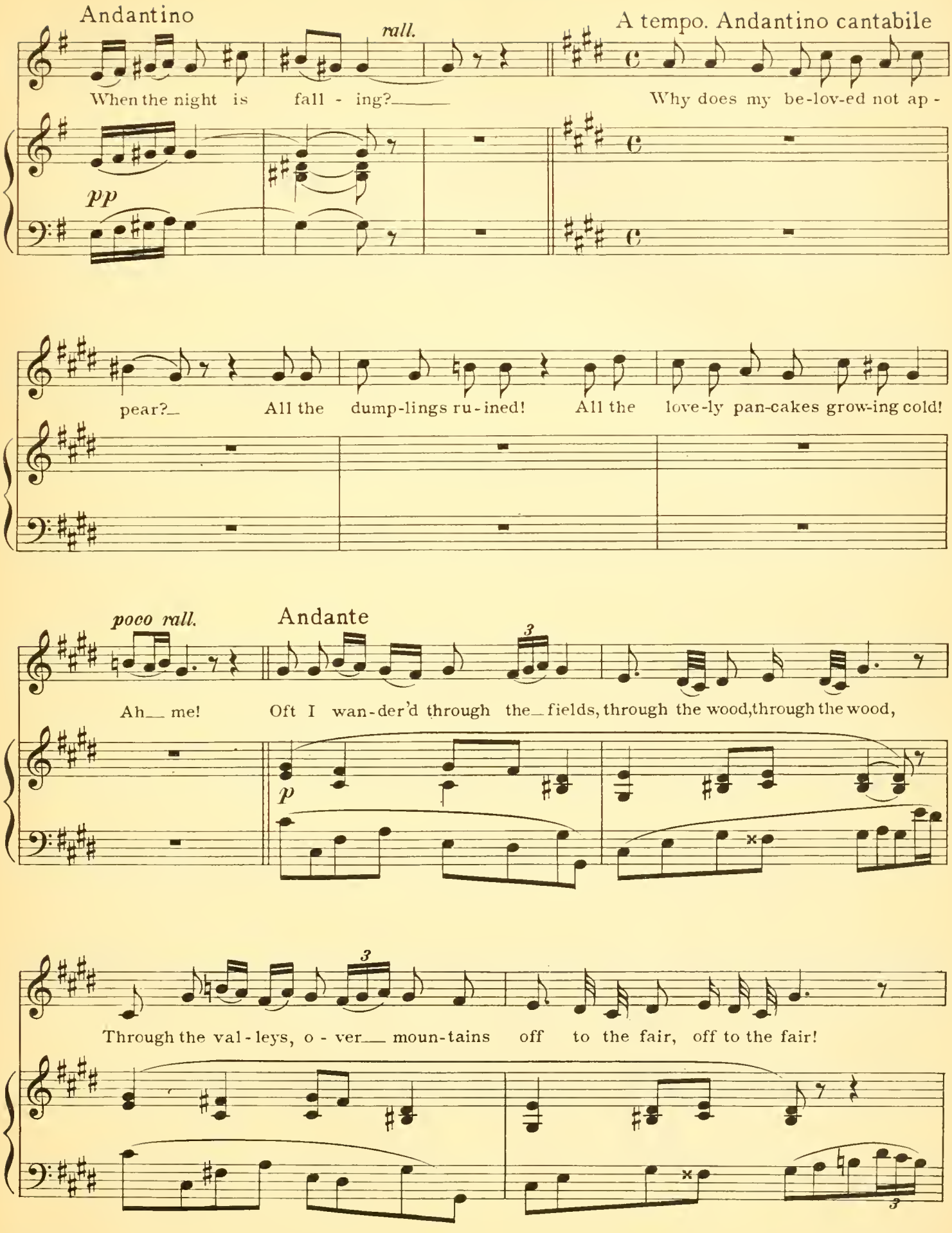
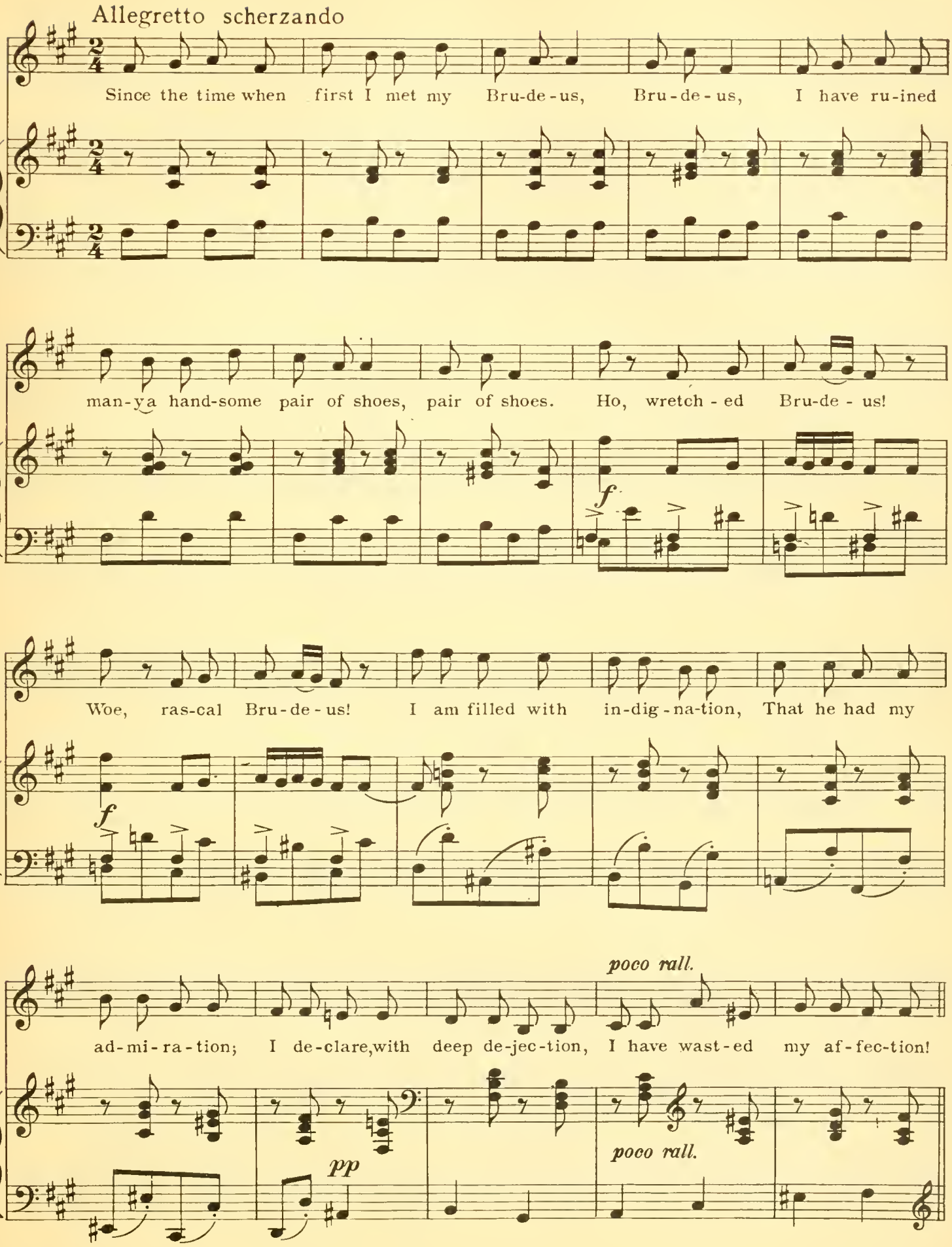
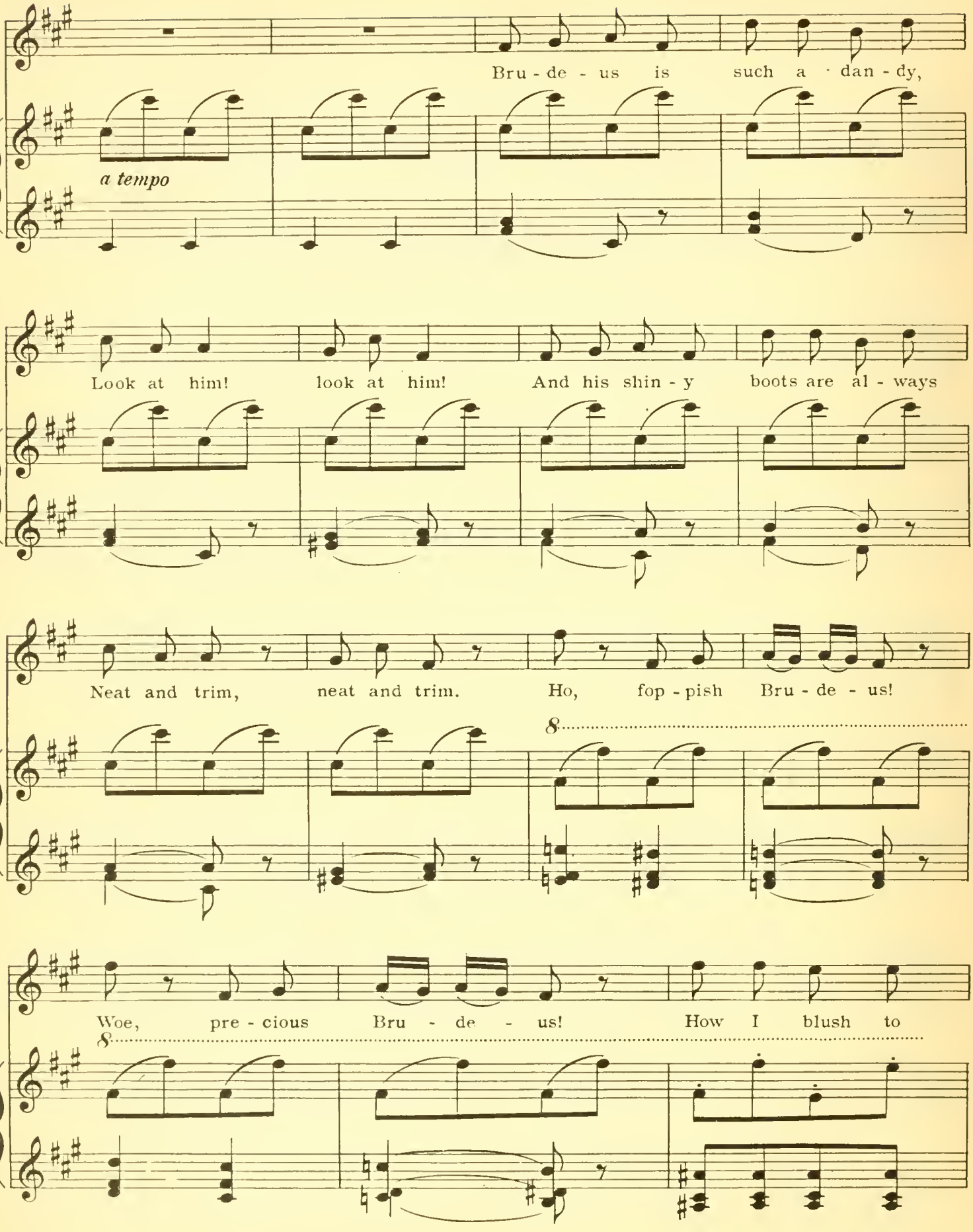

Andantino
rall.
A tempo. Andantino cantabile
When the night is fall - ing?
Why does my be-lov-ed not ap -
pp
pear?
All the dump-lings ru-ined!
All the love-ly pan-cakes grow-ing cold!
poco rall.
Andante
Ah me!
Oft I wan-der'd through the fields, through the wood, through the wood,
p
Through the val-leys, o - ver moun-tains off to the fair, off to the fair!

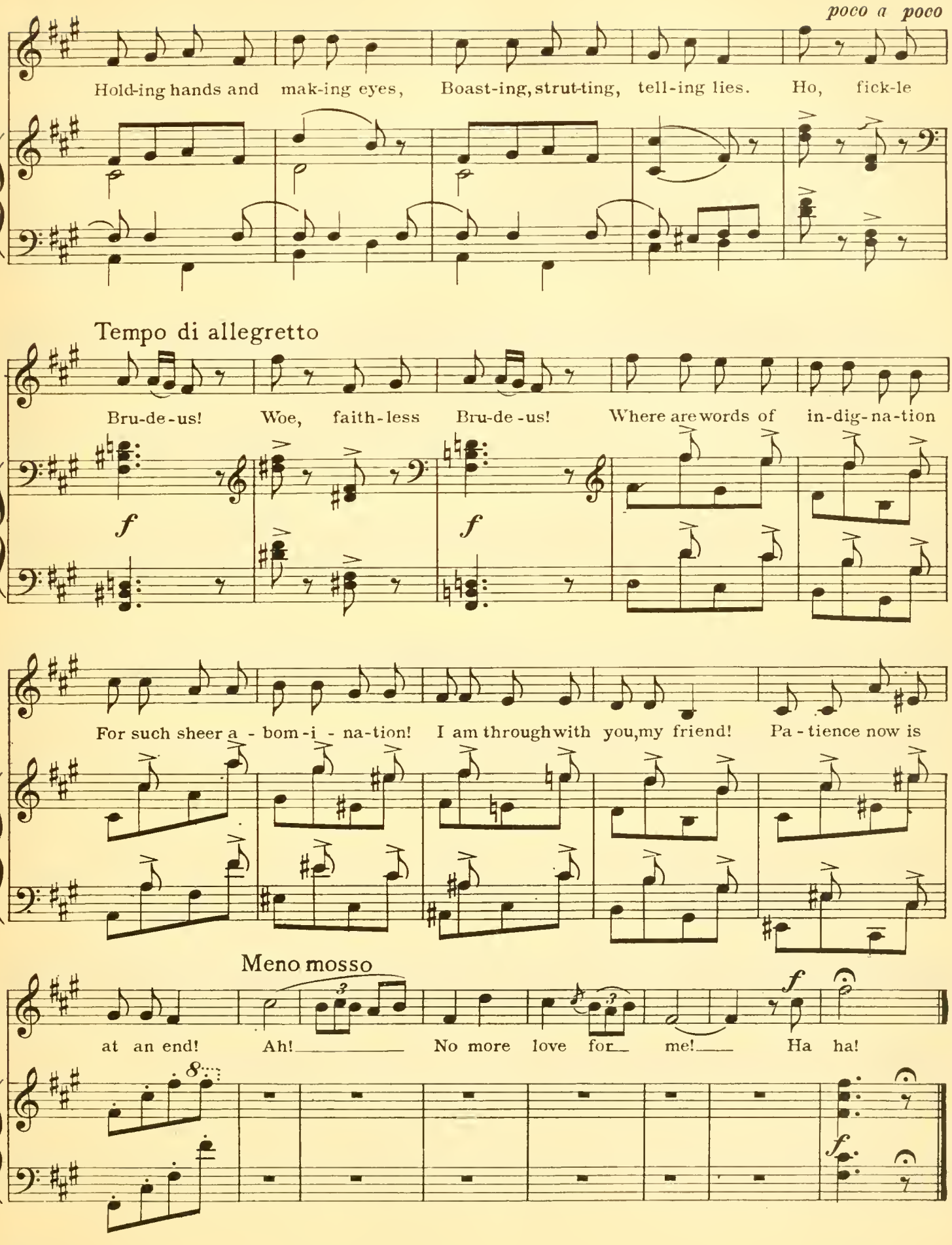
Easter-buns I used to_sell there, three a-piece, two for five.
All the Cos-sacks used to_ buy them
p
Lento
just from me, on-ly me.
Where's my la-zy lover?
Still I'm wait-ing.
Moderato
f
più calmando e dim.
The dev-il take the ras-cal!
Nev-er mind, I'll stop my_ fret-ting,
mf
p
f
'Tis no time for griev-ing,
Ra-ther let_ me sing!_
Ah!
2/4
pp
mf


Allegretto scherzando
Since the time when first I met my Bru-de-us, Bru-de-us, I have ru-ined
man-ya hand-some pair of shoes, pair of shoes. Ho, wretch-ed Bru-de-us!
f
Woe, ras-cal Bru-de-us! I am filled with in-dig-na-tion, That he had my
f
poco rall.
ad-mi-ra-tion; I de-clare,with deep de-jec-tion, I have wast-ed my af-fec-tion!
pp
poco rall.


Bru - de - us is such a dan - dy,
a tempo
Look at him! look at him! And his shin - y boots are al - ways
Neat and trim, neat and trim. Ho, fop - pish Bru - de - us!
8
Woe, pre - cious Bru - de - us! How I blush to
8

think I kissed him, That I nev-er could re-sist him! I am filled with
poco rall.
in-dig-na-tion At our for-mer os-cu-la-tion!
a tempo
poco rall.
f
a tempo
Bru-de-us is called to bat-tle, But he says he will not fight,
For he can't en-dure the rat-tle And he can-not stand the sight.

Ho, tim - id Bru - de - us! Woe, cow - ard Bru - de - us!
Would I had from thee de - part - ed, Such a lov - er chick-en - heart-ed!
poco rall.
I am filled with in - dig - na - tion At such hor - rid tre - pi - da - tion!
8
poco rall.
Meno mosso
I am told, when eve-ning falls, On some oth - er girl he calls,


poco a poco
Hold-ing hands and mak-ing eyes, Boast-ing, strut-ting, tell-ing lies. Ho, fick-le
Tempo di allegretto
Bru-de-us! Woe, faith-less Bru-de-us! Where are words of in-dig-na-tion
f
f
For such sheer a - bom-i - na-tion! I am through with you, my friend! Pa-tience now is
Meno mosso
f
at an end! Ah! No more love for me! Ha ha!
8
f

Revery of the Young Peasant

(Dōōmka Párobka)

English version by
Sigmund Spaeth and Deems Taylor

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

*From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk", the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol (in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka"). The opera was edited, after Moussorgsky's death, by A. K. Lyádoff.—Gógol's Little-Russian story of the Sorótchinsk Fair describes the wooing of the beautiful peasant-girl Parásha by a young peasant-lad. Khivria, the girl's stepmother, plots against the suitor, and in this song he voices the apparent hopelessness of his love.— The melody of this song was also used by Moussorgsky (to describe the breaking of dawn) as the closing theme of his orchestral Fantasy "A Night on the Bald Mountain".

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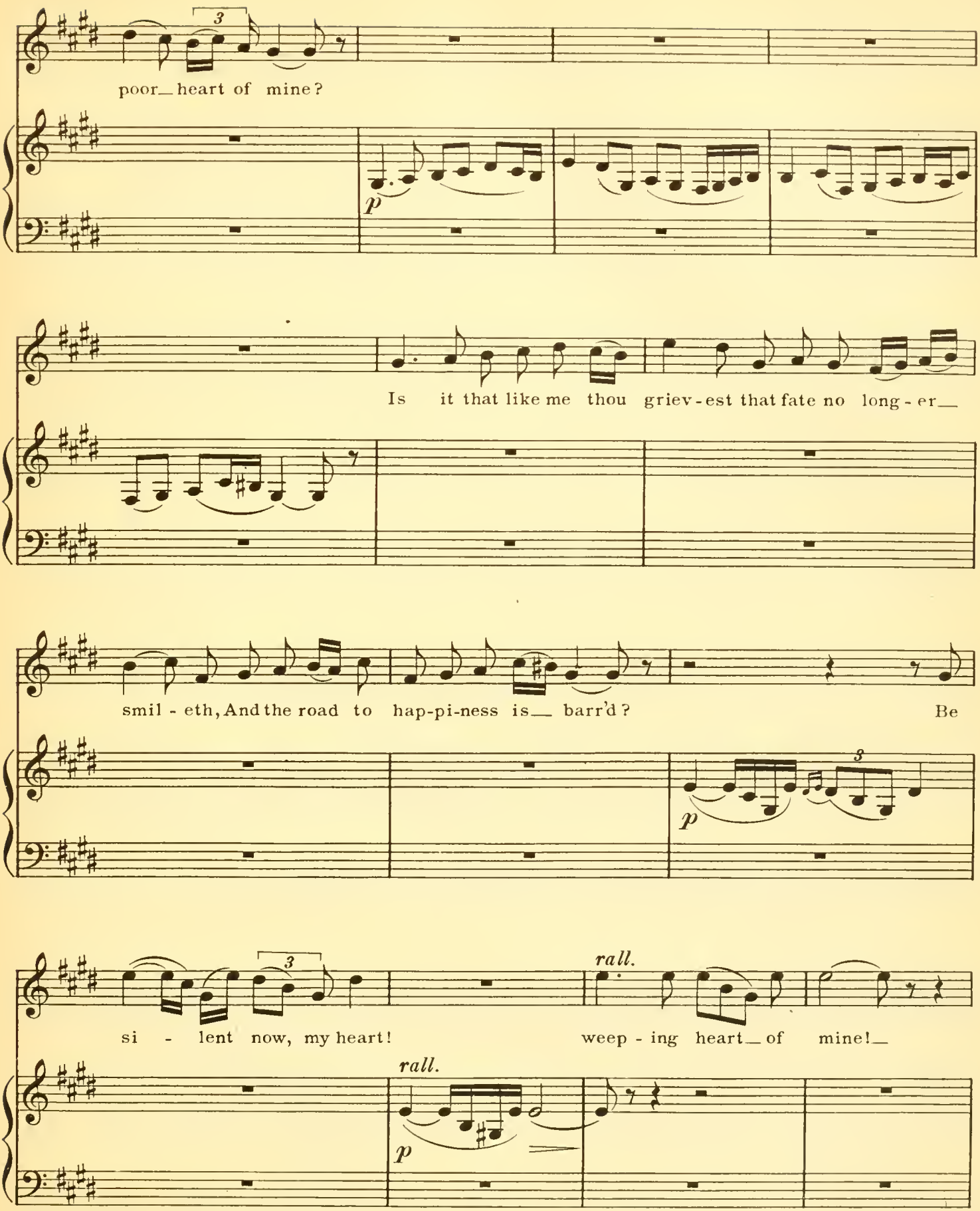
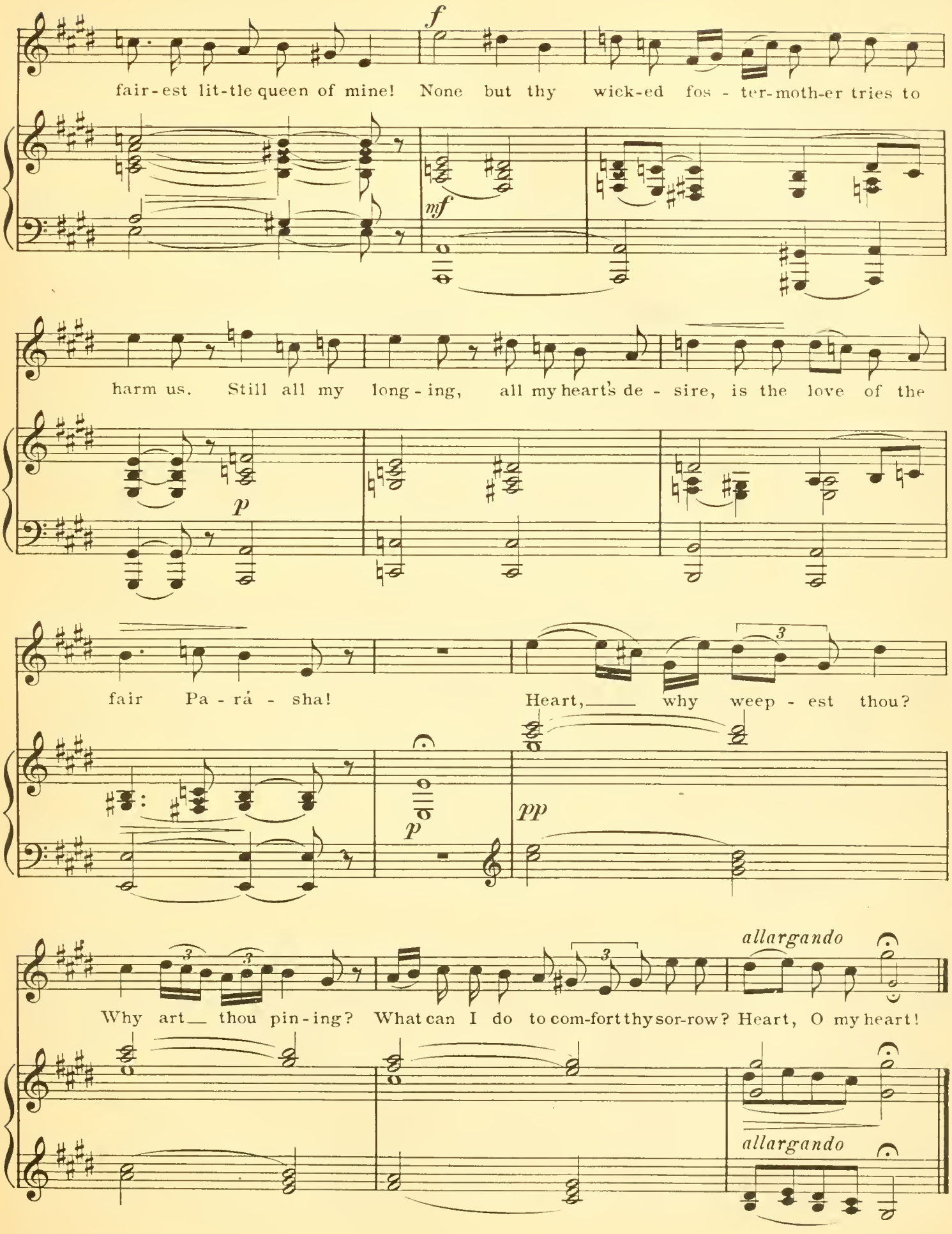

poor_ heart of mine?
p
Is it that like me thou griev-est that fate no long-er_
smil-eth, And the road to hap-pi-ness is_ barr'd?
Be
p
si - lent now, my heart!
rall.
weep-ing heart_ of mine!_
rall.
p

Cantabile
Sor - row, for - sake thou me!_ De-spair, I bid thee go! All that I
pp
long for, all my heart's de - sire, is the love of the fair Pa - rá - sha!
p
cresc.
Ah, Pa - rá - sha, my_ Pa - rá - sha! Thou_ my lit - tle dove, thou
p
cresc.


f
fair-est lit-tle queen of mine! None but thy wick-ed fos - ter-moth-er tries to
mf
harm us. Still all my long - ing, all my heart's de - sire, is the love of the
p
fair Pa - rá - sha! Heart, why weep - est thou?
3
p
pp
allargando
Why art thou pin-ing? What can I do to com-fort thy sor-row? Heart, O my heart!
allargando

Parásha's Revery and Dance

(Dŏŏmka Parássi)

Little-Russian

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music* by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Andantino
Piano
p
allarg.
a tempo
allarg.
Grieve no long-er, my be - lov - ed, Griev-ing nev - er ban-ish'd sor - row;
pp
There are oth-er love - ly maid - ens Fair-er far than thy Pa - rá - sha.

* From the opera "The Fair of Sorótchinsk," the text adapted from the like-named tale by Gógol (in his novels "Evenings at Dikánka"). The opera was edited, after Moussorgsky's death, by A. K. Lyádoff- In this song Parásha, the heroine of this Little-Russian tale, contemplates the many obstacles placed between her and her lover by the intrigues of her stepmother, Khívria. Her natural gayety finally asserts itself and finds expression in a merry dance-tune, which calls up memories of the lively times on market-days.

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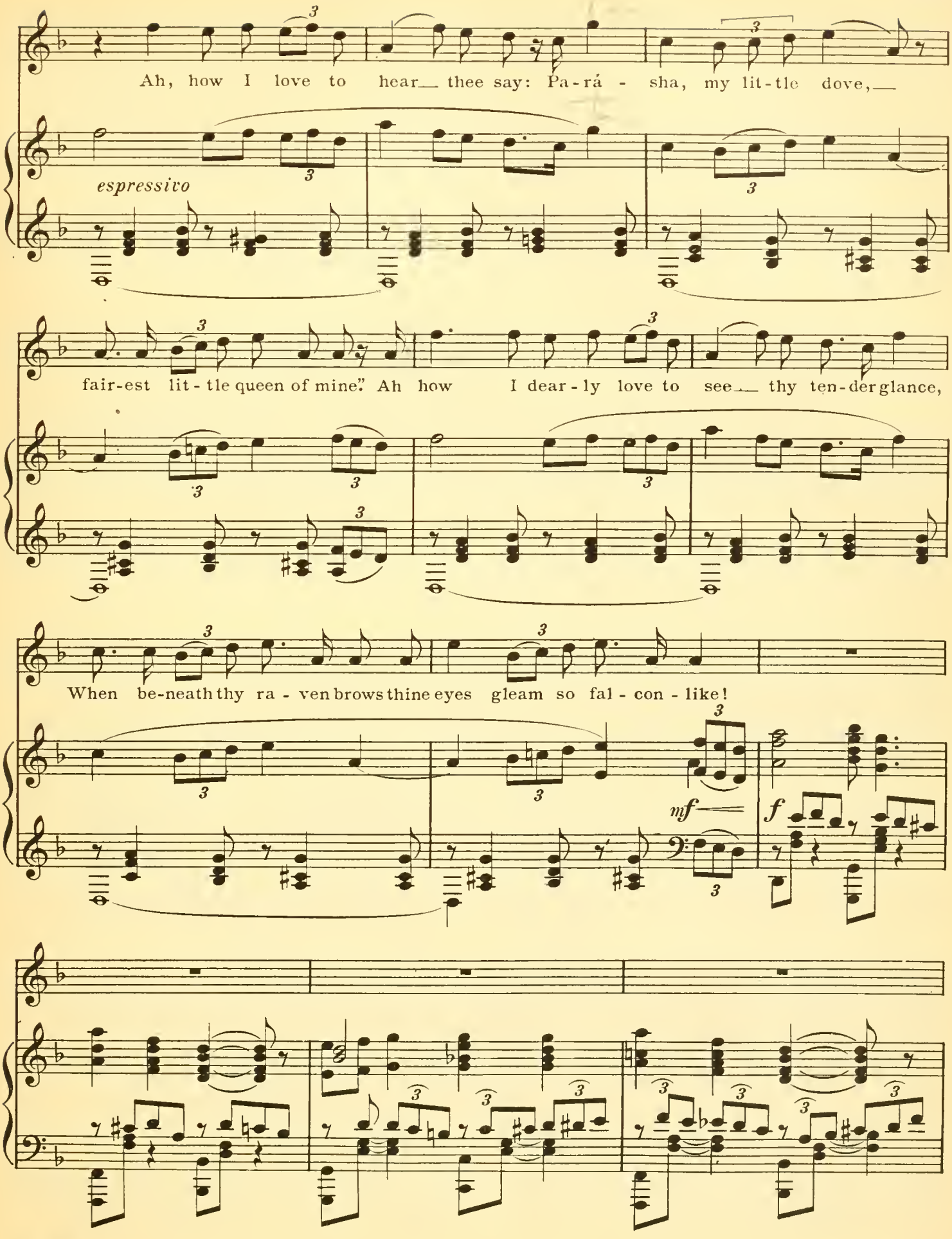
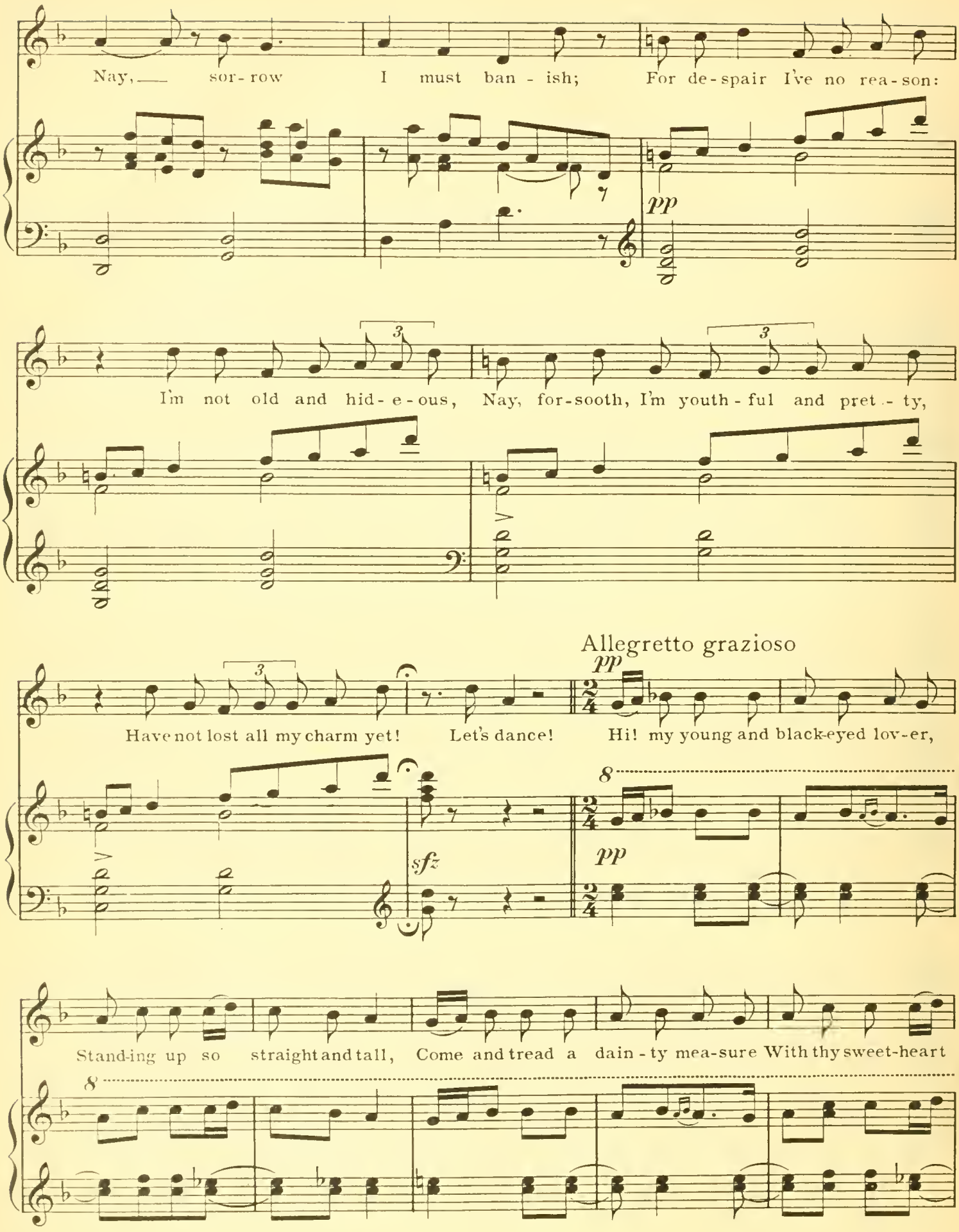
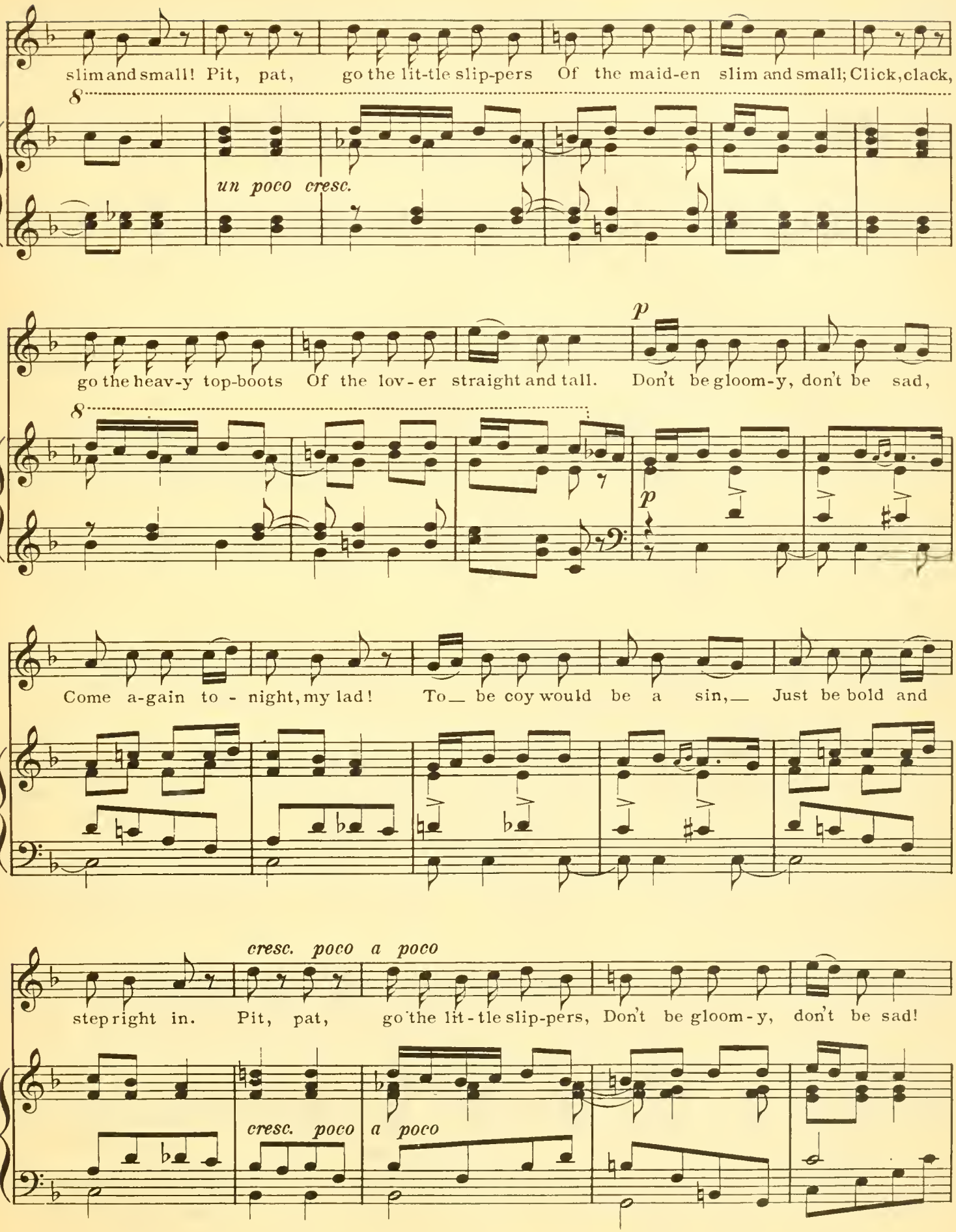
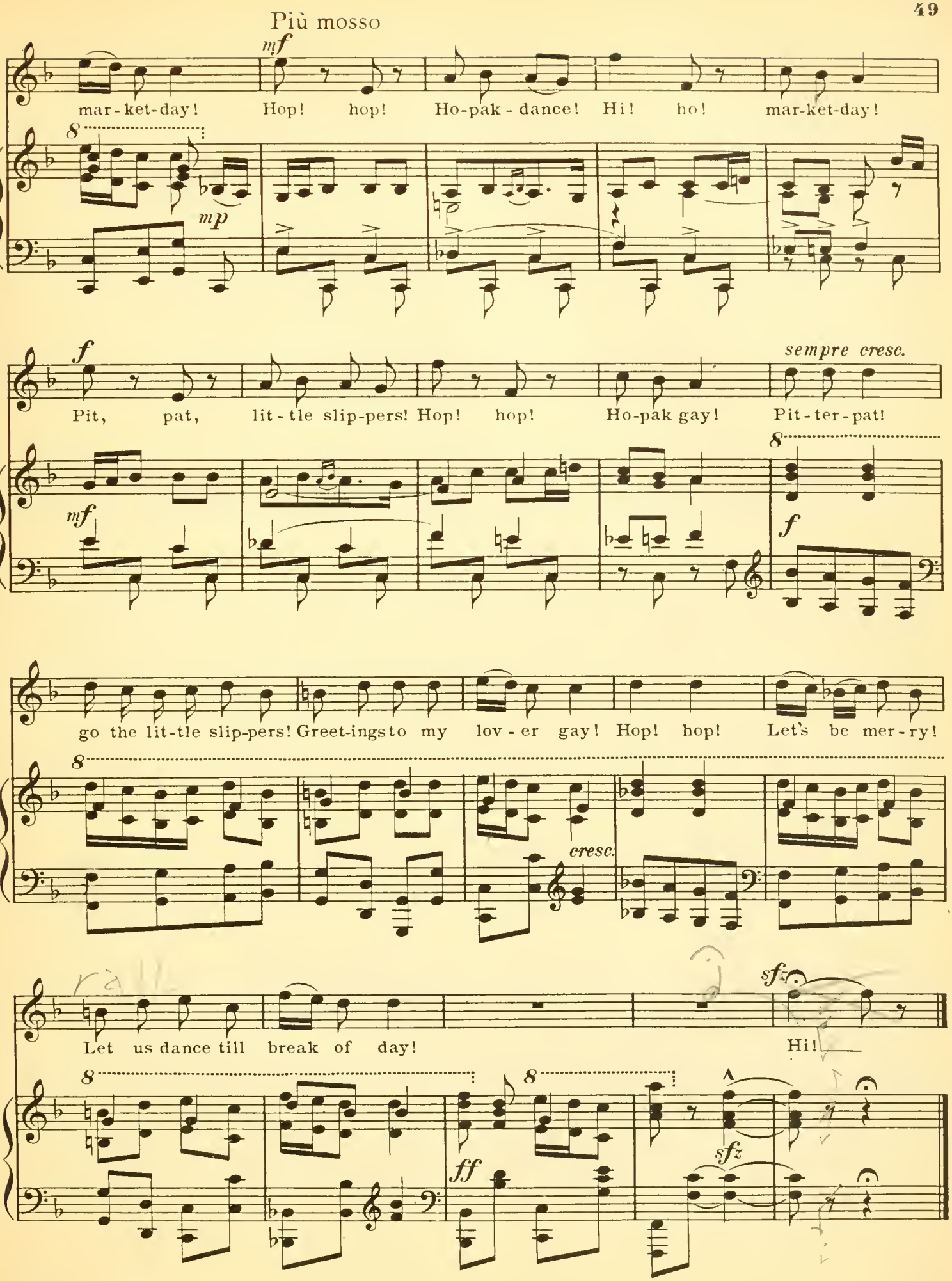

Ah, how I love to hear thee say: Pa-rá - sha, my lit-tle dove,
espressivo
fair-est lit-tle queen of mine." Ah how I dear-ly love to see thy ten-der glance,
When be-neath thy ra - ven brows thine eyes gleam so fal - con - like!
mf
f


Nay, sor-row I must ban-ish; For de-spair I've no rea-son:
pp
I'm not old and hid-e-ous, Nay, for-sooth, I'm youth-ful and pret-ty,
Allegretto grazioso
pp
Have not lost all my charm yet! Let's dance! Hi! my young and black-eyed lov-er,
sfz
pp
Stand-ing up so straight and tall, Come and tread a dain-ty mea-sure With thy sweet-heart


slim and small! Pit, pat, go the lit-tle slip-pers Of the maid-en slim and small; Click, clack,
un poco cresc.
go the heav-y top-boots Of the lov-er straight and tall. Don't be gloom-y, don't be sad,
p
p
Come a-gain to - night, my lad! To_ be coy would be a sin,_ Just be bold and
cresc. poco a poco
step right in. Pit, pat, go the lit-tle slip-pers, Don't be gloom-y, don't be sad!
cresc. poco a poco

Click, clack, go the heav - y top-boots: Come a-gain to - night, my lad!
f
Hop! hop! Ho - pak-dance!
mf
f
Hop! hop! Gay - ly prance! Pit, pat, go the lit - tle slip-pers, Let us dance the
mf sempre cresc.
mf
8
mf sempre cresc.
Ho - pak gay! Pit, pat, go the lit - tle slip - pers, This is mer - ry
8
f


Più mosso
mf
mar-ket-day! Hop! hop! Ho-pak-dance! Hi! ho! mar-ket-day!
8
mp
f
sempre cresc.
Pit, pat, lit-tle slip-pers! Hop! hop! Ho-pak gay! Pit-ter-pat!
mf
f
go the lit-tle slip-pers! Greet-ingsto my lov-er gay! Hop! hop! Let's be mer-ry!
cresc.
sfz
Let us dance till break of day!
Hi!
ff
sfz

The Banks of the Don

(Po nad Dónom sad tzvyetyót)

Poem by Koltzóff
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)

* The Don is one of the largest rivers of Southern Russia; it empties at Rostóv into the Sea of Azóv.

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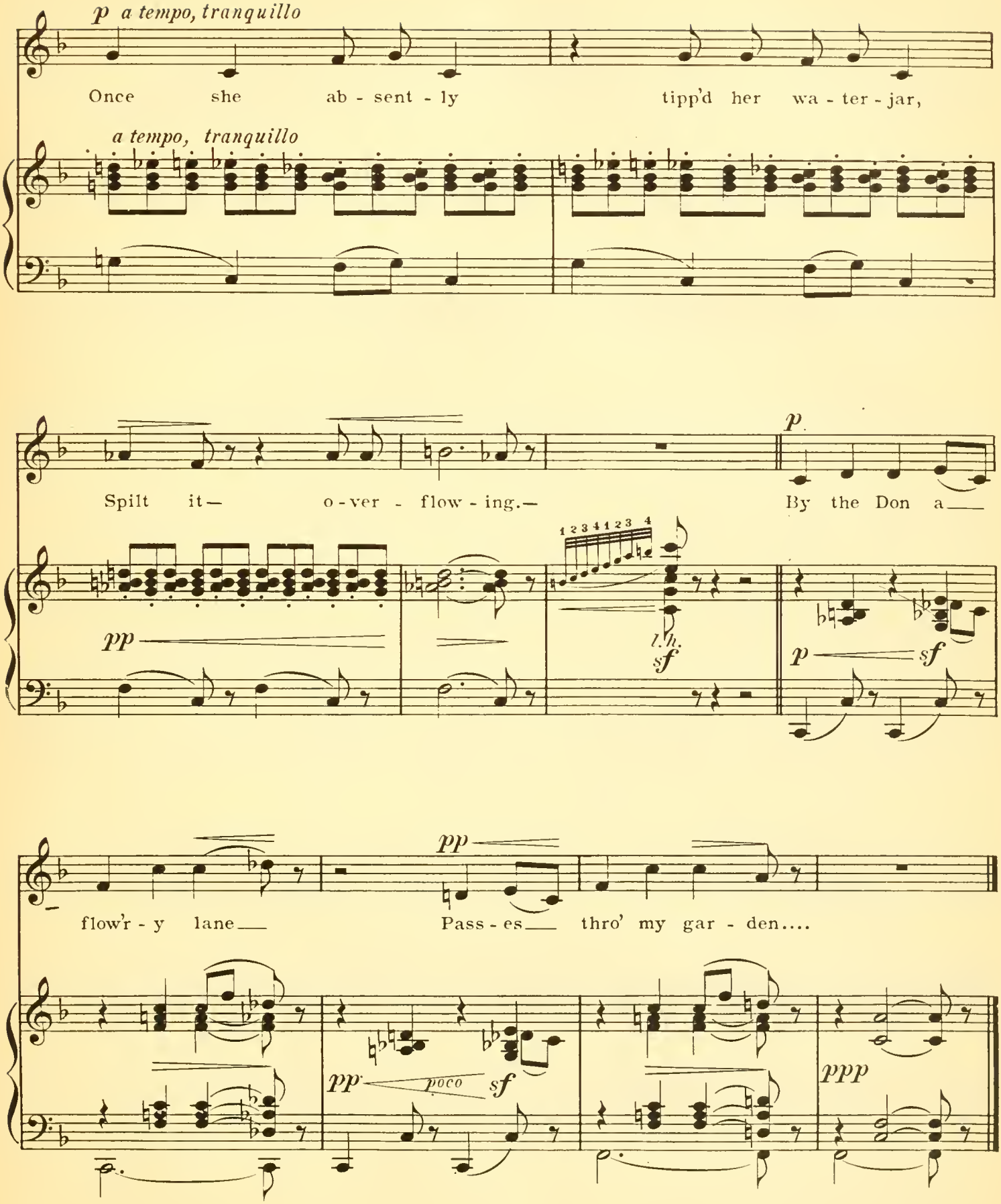
Scherzando
Have mine eyes be-held the scene. There at_ eve fair_
pp
sf
p
Ma - sha pass'd me, From_ the well re - turn - ing,
Smil - ing up with bash - ful glanc - es,
pp
l.h.
sf

Cheeks with blush - es burn - - ing.
l. h.
pp
sf
p
Shy - ly she'd re - turn my greet - ing
pp
pp
In the sun - set's glow - ing.
poco rit.
poco rit.

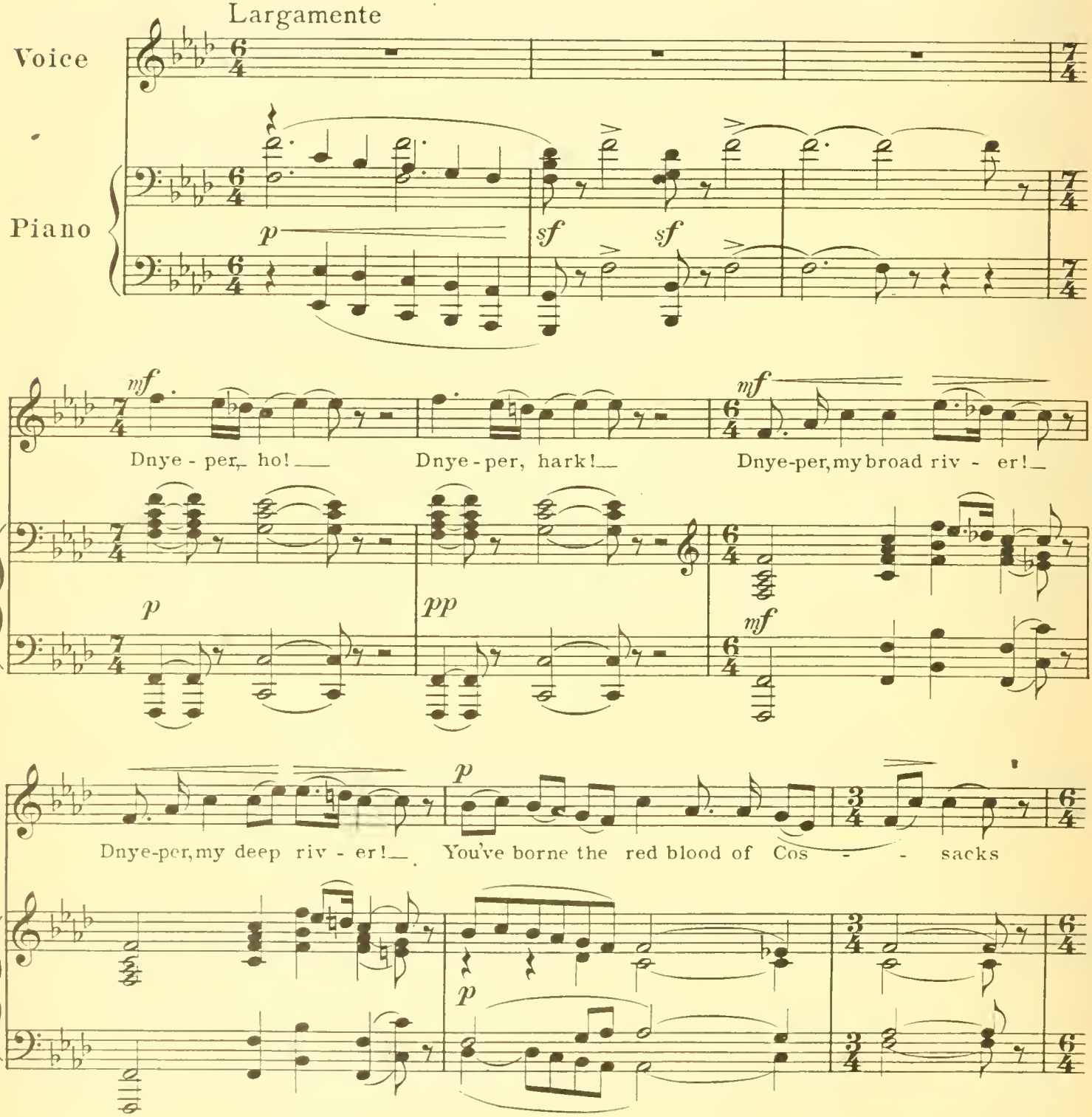

p a tempo, tranquillo
Once she ab - sent - ly tipp'd her wa - ter - jar,
a tempo, tranquillo
Spilt it— o - ver - flow - ing.— By the Don a—
p
pp
1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4
l.h.
sf
p
sf
flow'r - y lane— Pass - es— thro' my gar - den....
pp
pp poco sf
ppp

On the River Dnyéper

(Na Dnyepryé)

From the Little-Russian poem*
"The Haïdamaks," by T. G. Shevtchénko
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky
Composed 1866, revised in 1880



* The Dnyéper is – after the Volga – the largest river of Russia. It rises near Smolénsk, flows through Kieff and Yekaterínoslav, and empties into the Black Sea. The Poles have been the traditional enemies of the Cossacks through many centuries.

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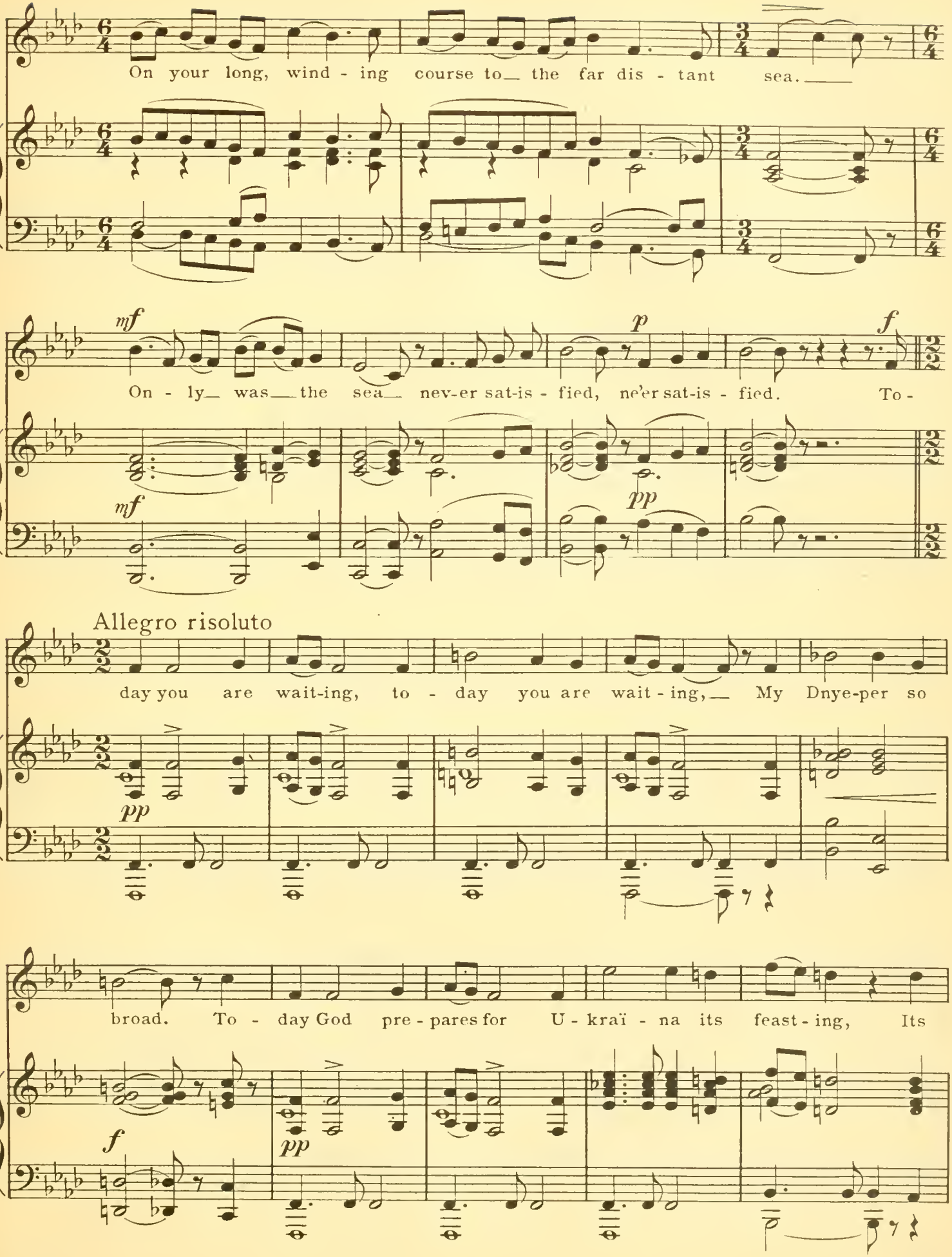
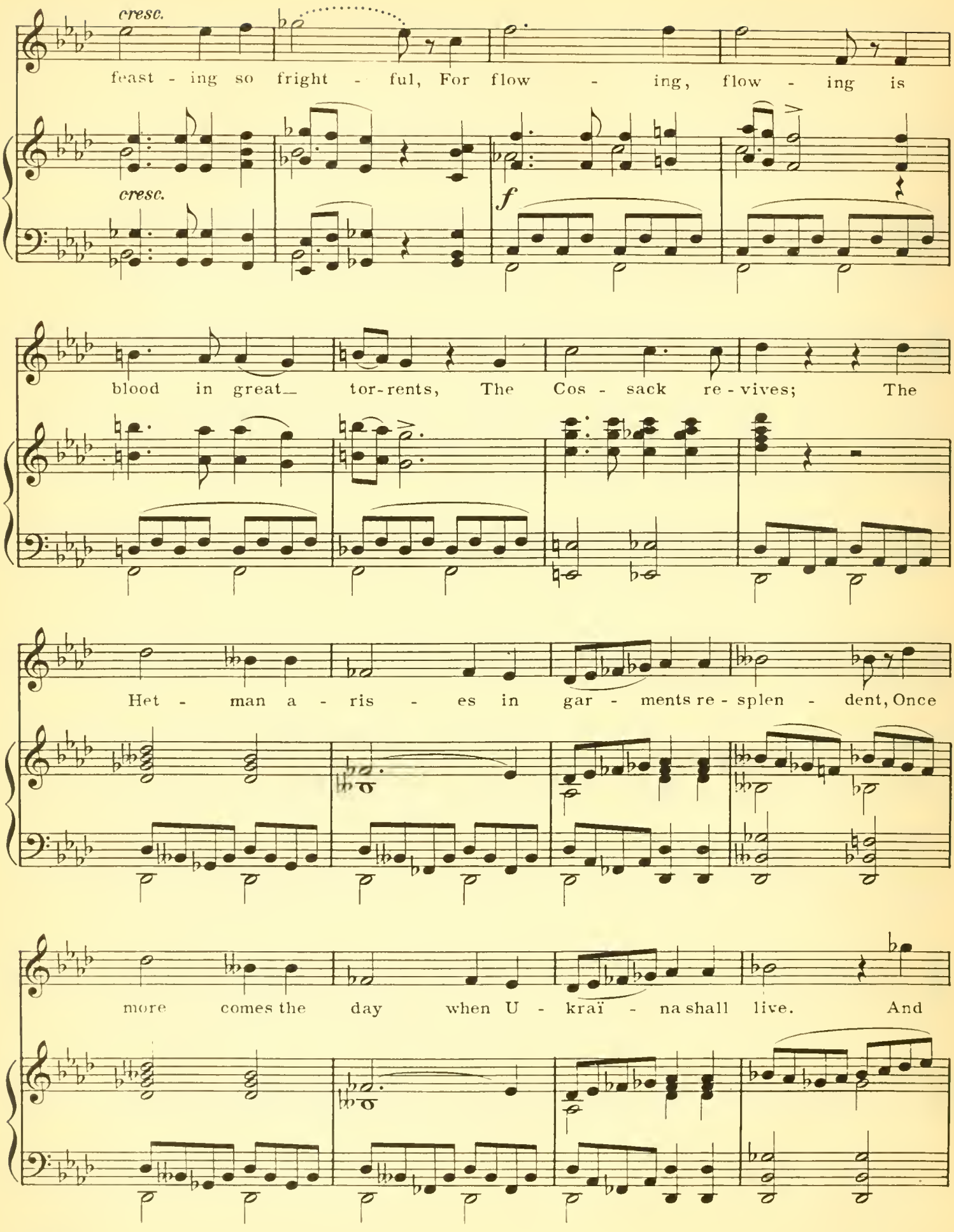
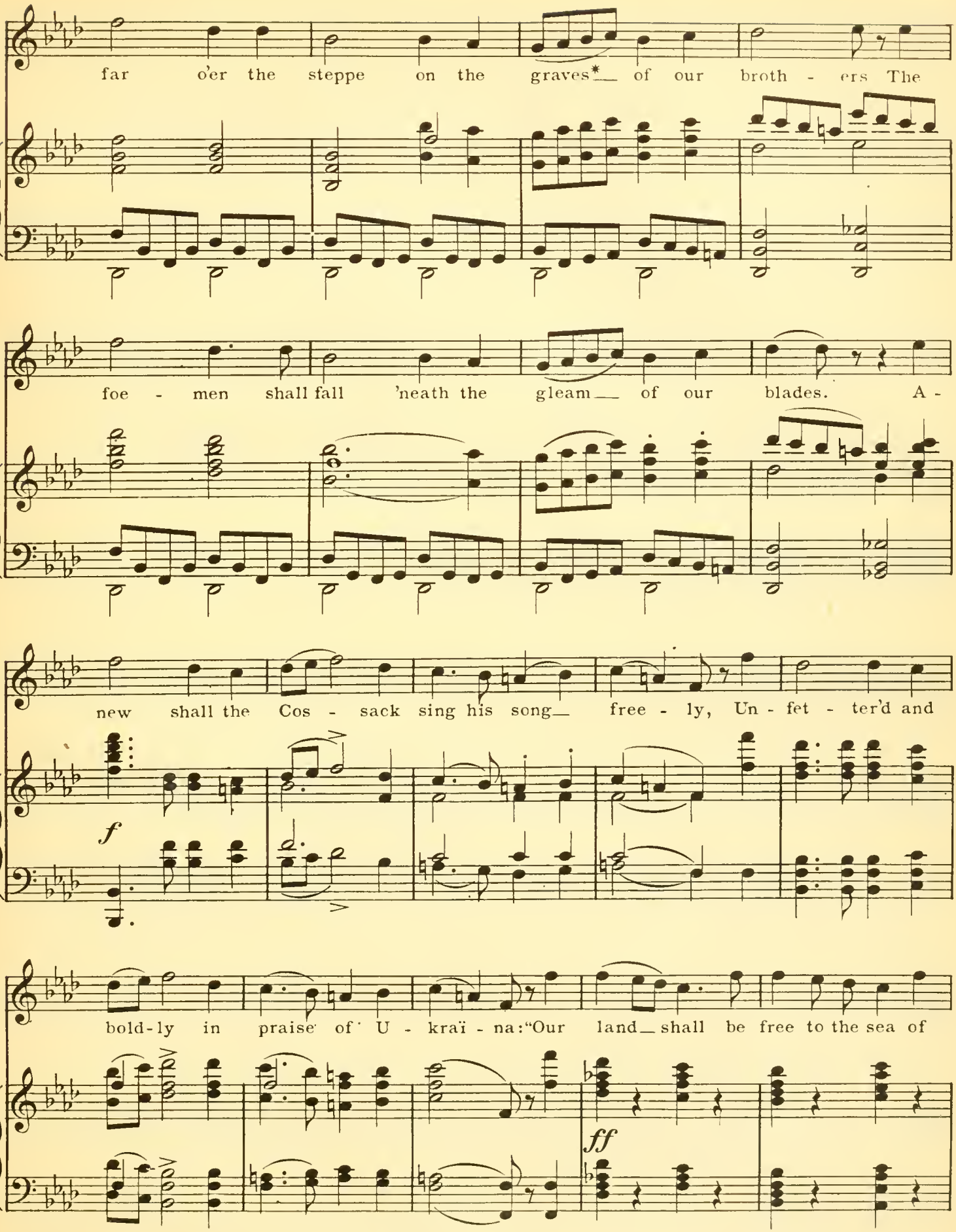
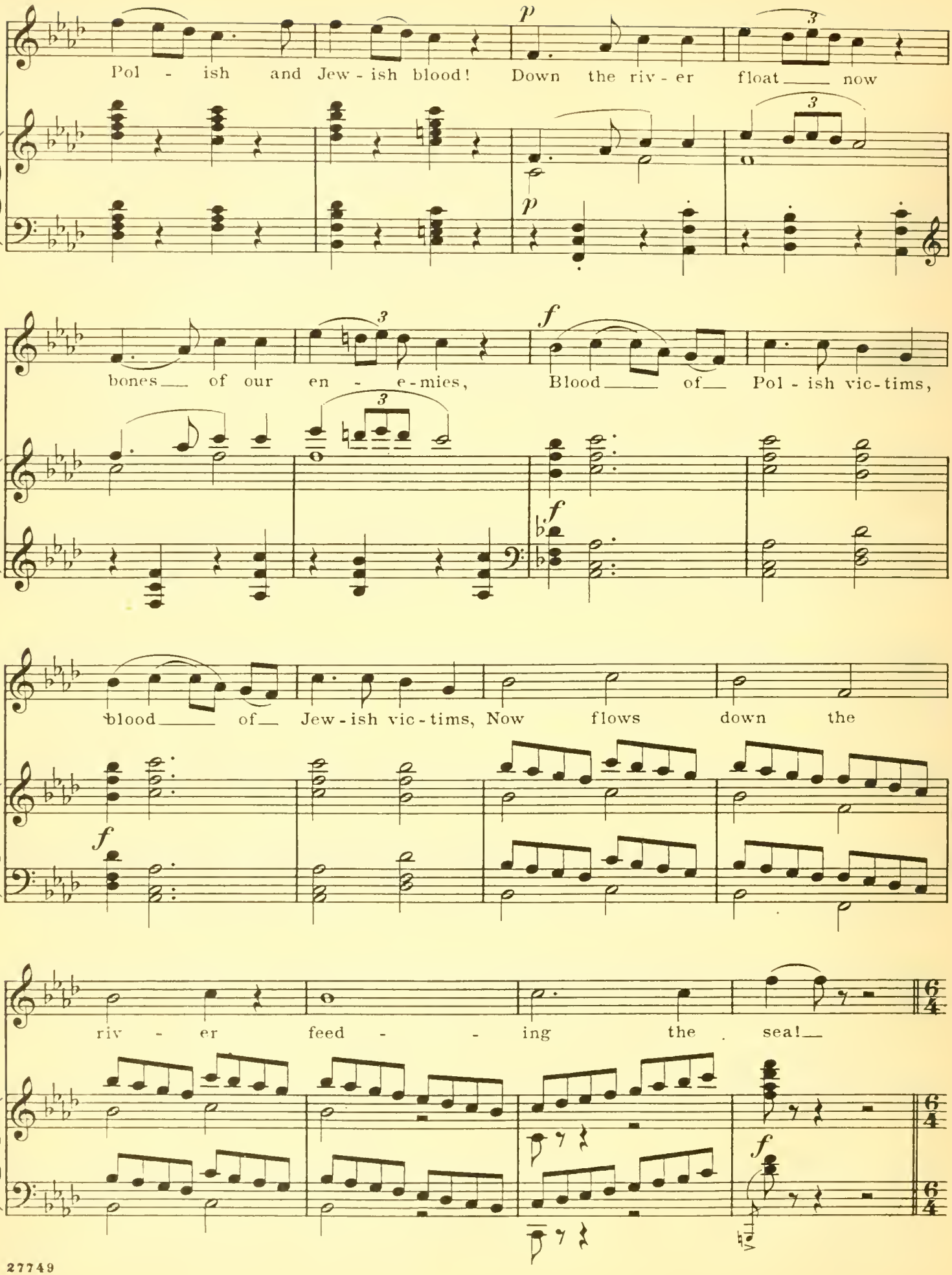

On your long, wind - ing course to the far dis - tant sea.
mf
On - ly was the sea nev-er sat-is - fied, ne'er sat-is - fied. To -
p
f
mf
pp
Allegro risoluto
day you are wait-ing, to - day you are wait - ing, My Dnye-per so
pp
broad. To - day God pre - pares for U - kraï - na its feast - ing, Its
f
pp


cresc.
feast - ing so fright - ful, For flow - ing, flow - ing is
cresc.
f
blood in great_ tor-rents, The Cos - sack re - vives; The
Het - man a - ris - es in gar - ments re - splen - dent, Once
more comes the day when U - kraï - na shall live. And


far o'er the steppe on the graves* of our broth - ers The
foe - men shall fall 'neath the gleam of our blades. A -
new shall the Cos - sack sing his song free - ly, Un - fet - ter'd and
f
bold-ly in praise of U - kraï - na: "Our land shall be free to the sea of
ff

* Literally translated, the original poem refers to the "Kurgáni," the tumulus-shaped burial-mounds of the Cossacks.


Pol - ish and Jew - ish blood! Down the riv - er float now
bones of our en - e-mies, Blood of Pol - ish vic-tims,
blood of Jew - ish vic-tims, Now flows down the
riv - er feed - - ing the sea!

Largamente
f
p
Dnye - per, halt!
Dnye - per, hark!
fp
pp
mf
Soon will be thy vic - to - ry,
soon wilt thou be qui - et - ed!
p
Dnye - per, halt!
O my riv - - er
pp
deep!
pp

Death's Lullaby

(Koluibélnaya)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1875)

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutőőzoff (No. 2 of "Songs and Dances of Death").
No. 1 of this cycle, "Trepak", is to be found in "A Century of Russian Song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, New York, 1911.

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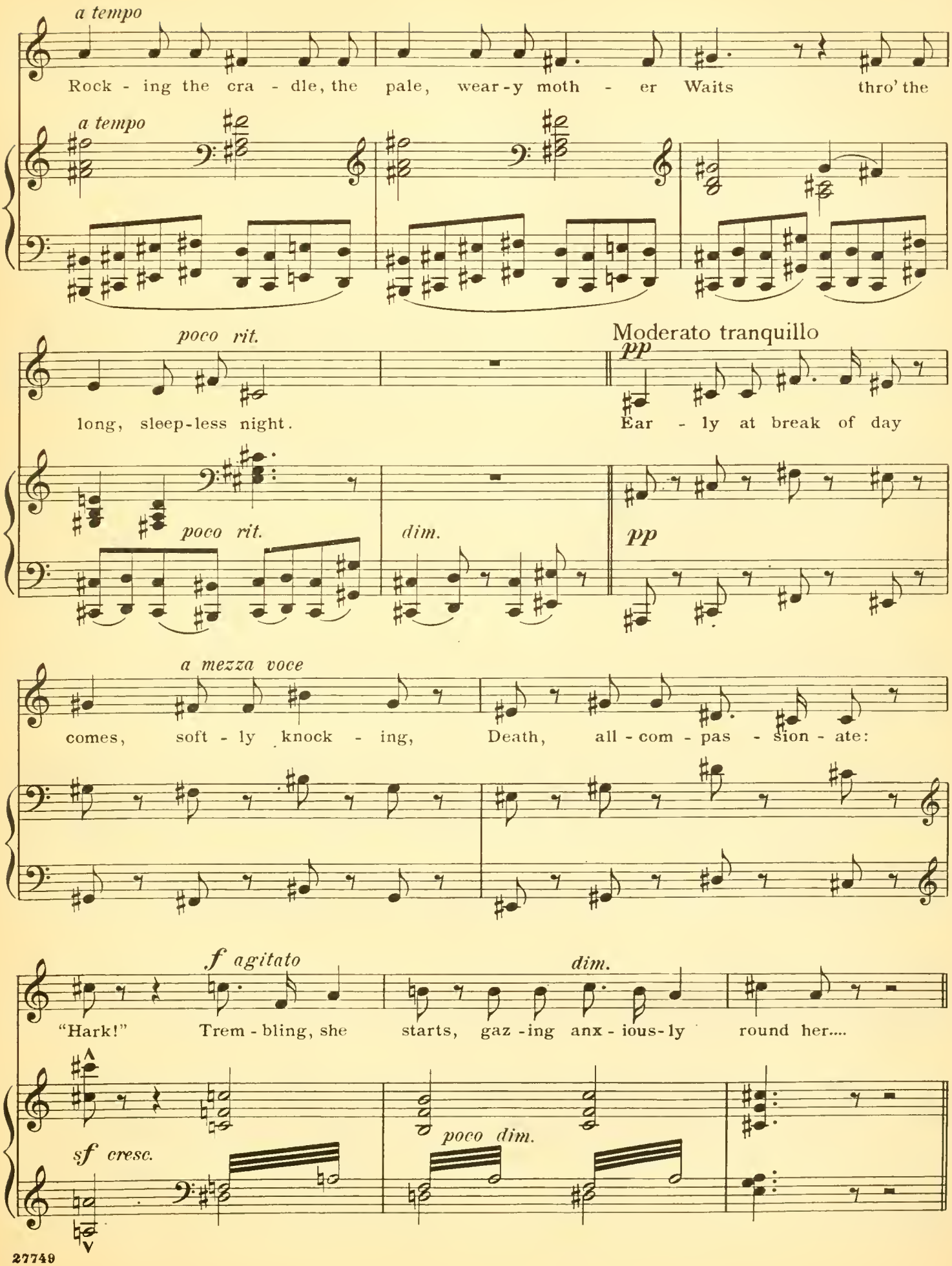
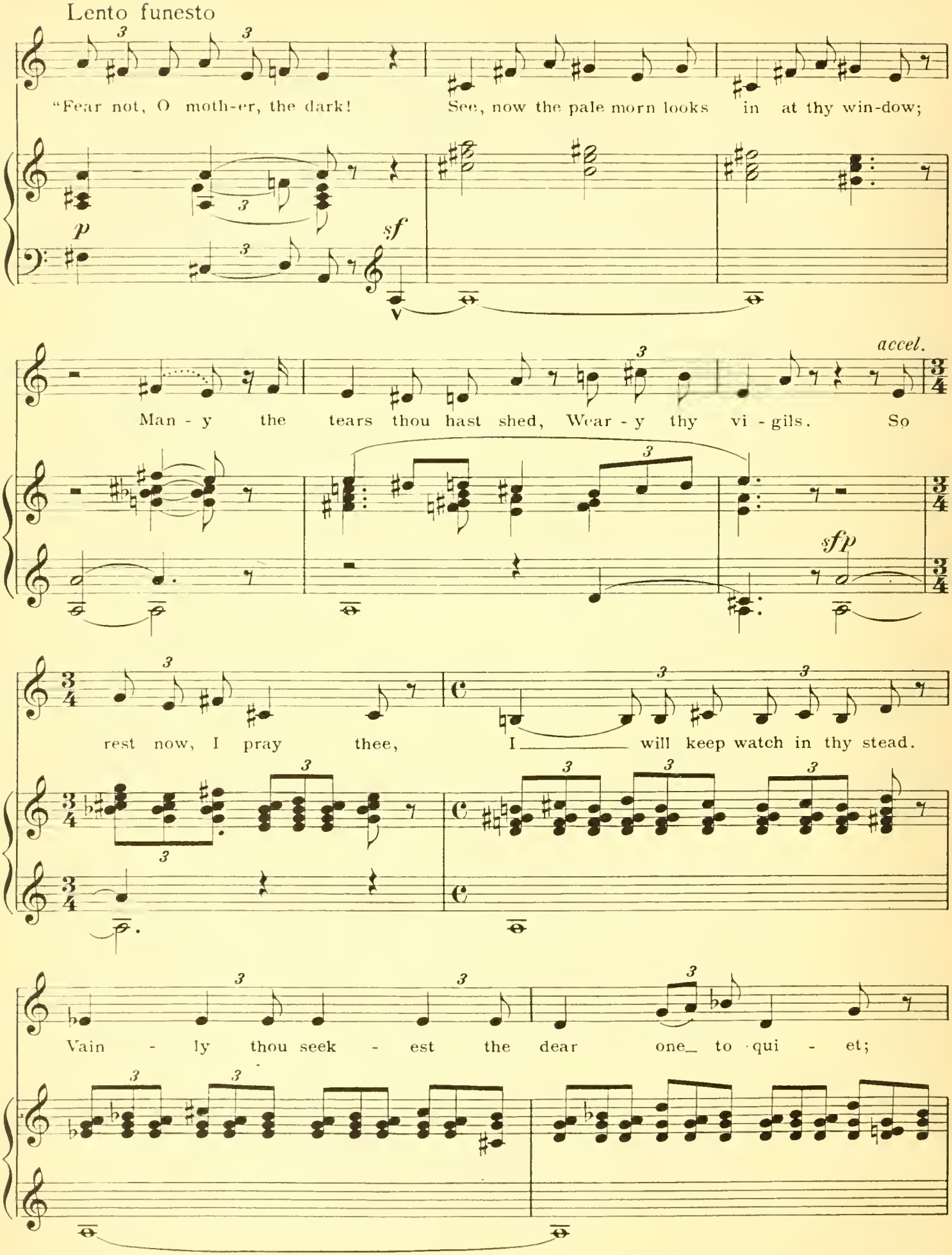
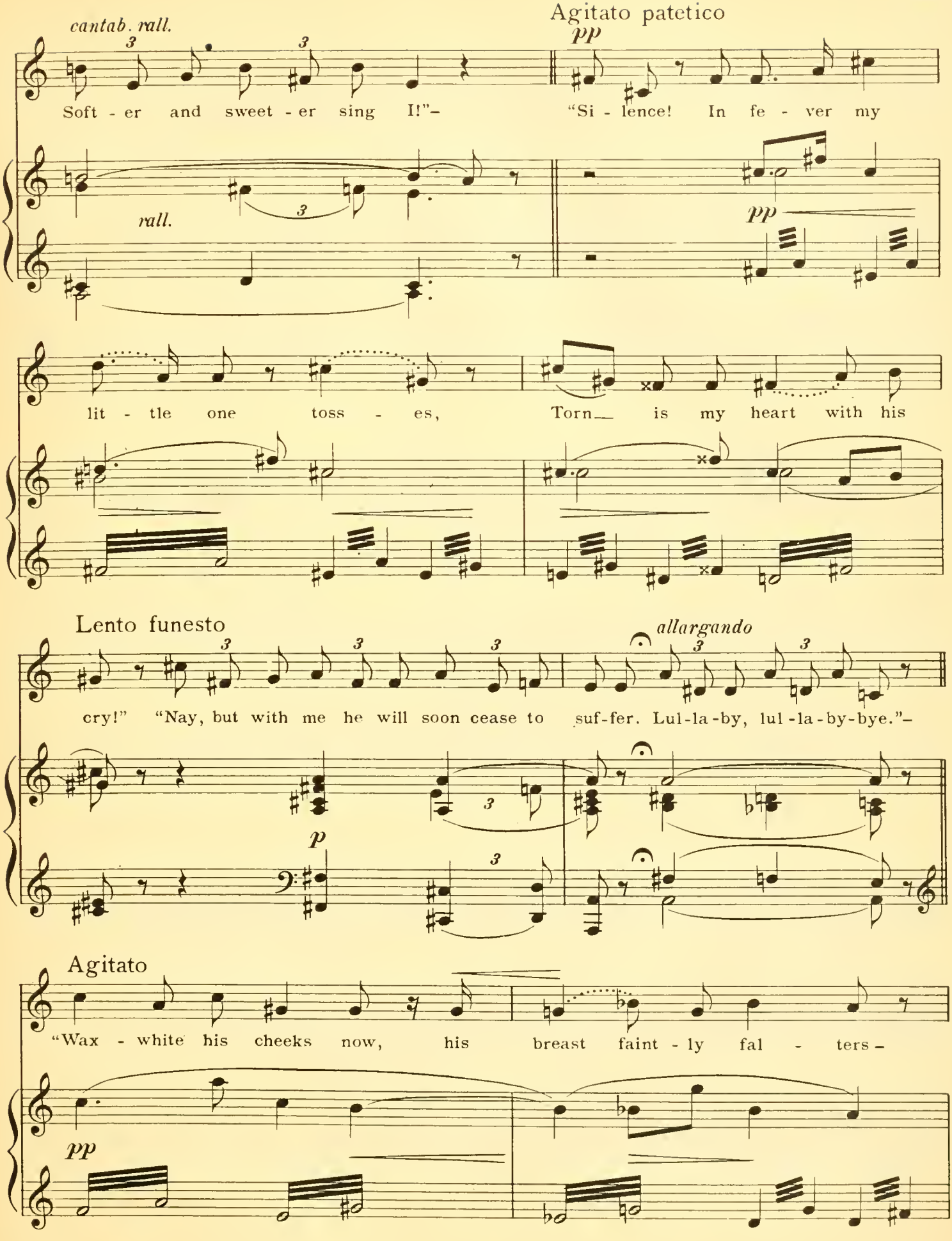
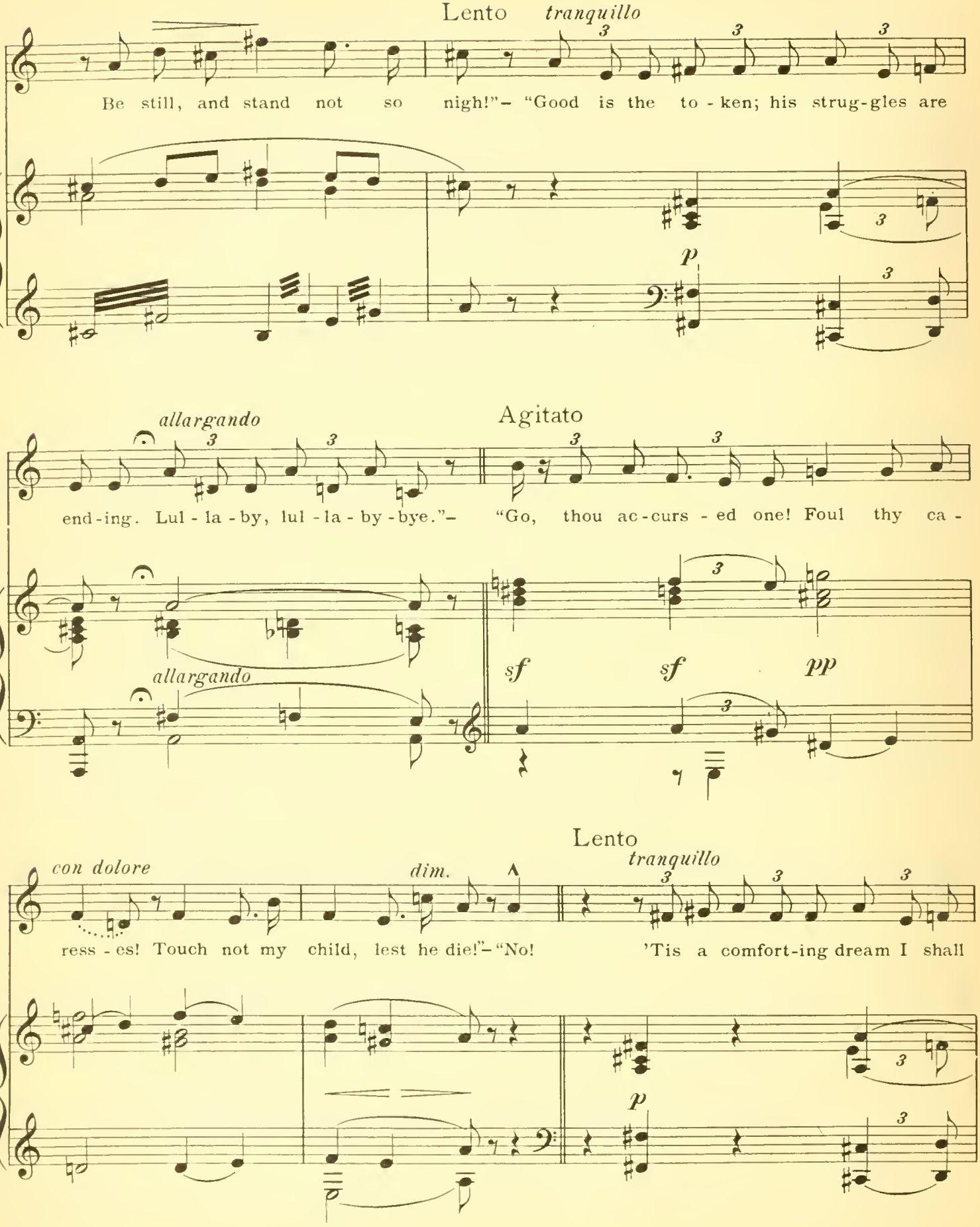
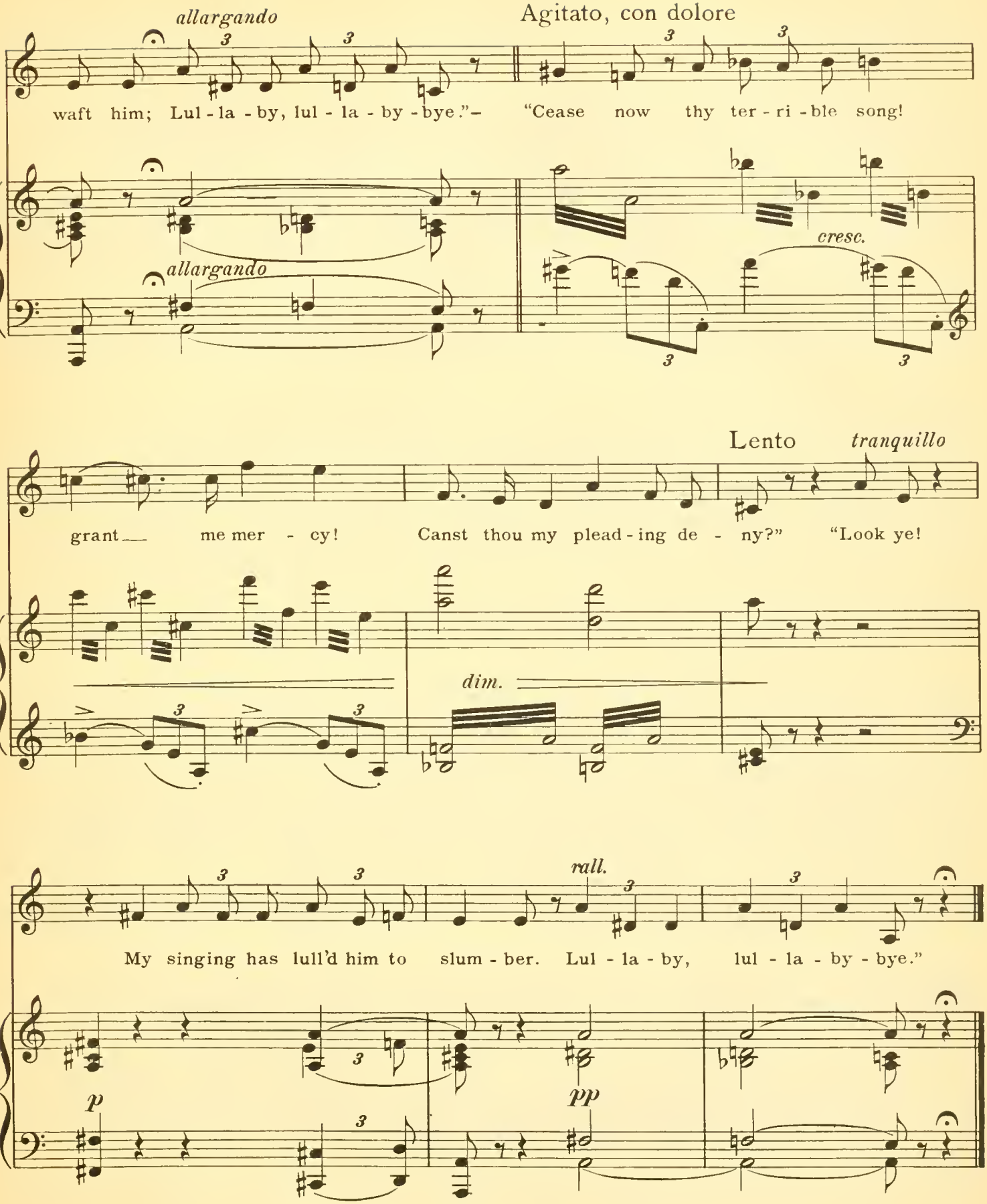

a tempo
Rock - ing the cra - dle, the pale, wear-y moth - er Waits thro' the
a tempo
poco rit.
long, sleep-less night.
Moderato tranquillo
pp
Ear - ly at break of day
poco rit.
dim.
pp
a mezza voce
comes, soft - ly knock - ing, Death, all - com - pas - sion - ate:
f agitato
dim.
"Hark!" Trem - bling, she starts, gaz - ing anx - ious-ly round her....
sf cresc.
poco dim.


Lento funesto
"Fear not, O moth-er, the dark! See, now the pale morn looks in at thy win-dow;
p
sf
accel.
Man - y the tears thou hast shed, Wear - y thy vi - gils. So
sfp
rest now, I pray thee, I will keep watch in thy stead.
Vain - ly thou seek - est the dear one to qui - et;


cantab. rall.
Soft - er and sweet - er sing I!"–
rall.
Agitato patetico
pp
"Si - lence! In fe - ver my
pp
lit - tle one toss - es,
Torn— is my heart with his
Lento funesto
allargando
cry!" "Nay, but with me he will soon cease to suf-fer. Lul-la-by, lul-la-by-bye."–
p
Agitato
"Wax - white his cheeks now, his breast faint - ly fal - ters –
pp


Lento
tranquillo
Be still, and stand not so nigh!"– "Good is the to - ken; his strug-gles are
p
allargando
Agitato
end-ing. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."– "Go, thou ac-curs - ed one! Foul thy ca -
allargando
sf
sf
pp
Lento
con dolore
dim.
tranquillo
ress - es! Touch not my child, lest he die!"– "No! 'Tis a comfort-ing dream I shall
p


allargando
Agitato, con dolore
waft him; Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."–
"Cease now thy ter - ri - ble song!
allargando
cresc.
Lento
tranquillo
grant me mer - cy!
Canst thou my plead - ing de - ny?"
"Look ye!
dim.
rall.
My singing has lull'd him to slum - ber. Lul - la - by, lul - la - by - bye."
p
pp

Death's Serenade

(Serenáda)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1875)

Larghetto

Voice
Piano
Sweet - scent-ed breath of Night, soft and ca -
ress - ing, Trem - bling blue twi - light of June....
cresc.
Bow - ing her head on her bo - som, the
maid - en Heark - - ens to Night's gen-tle croon.
dim.
dim.
p
pp

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōozoff (No.3 of "Songs and Dances of Death").

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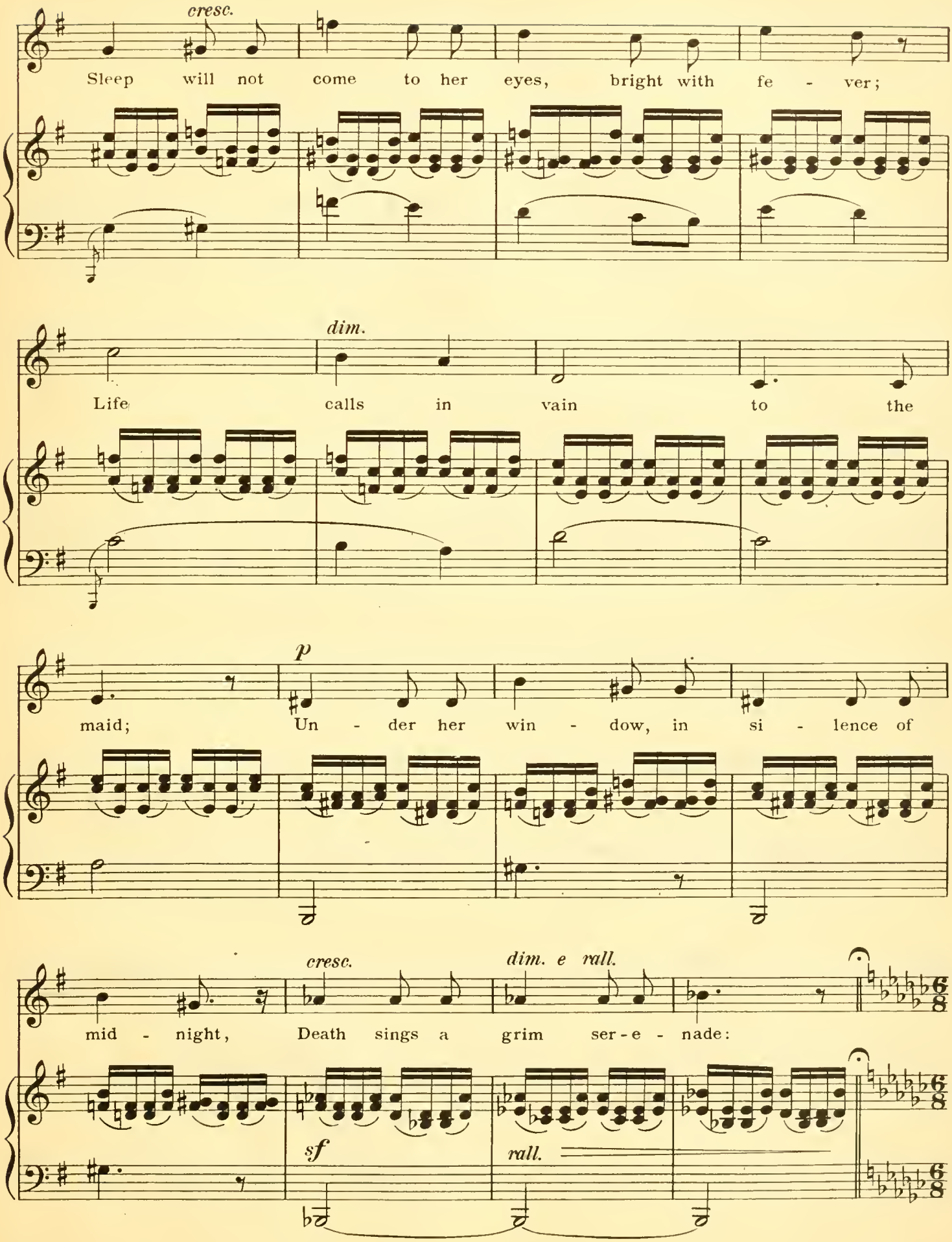
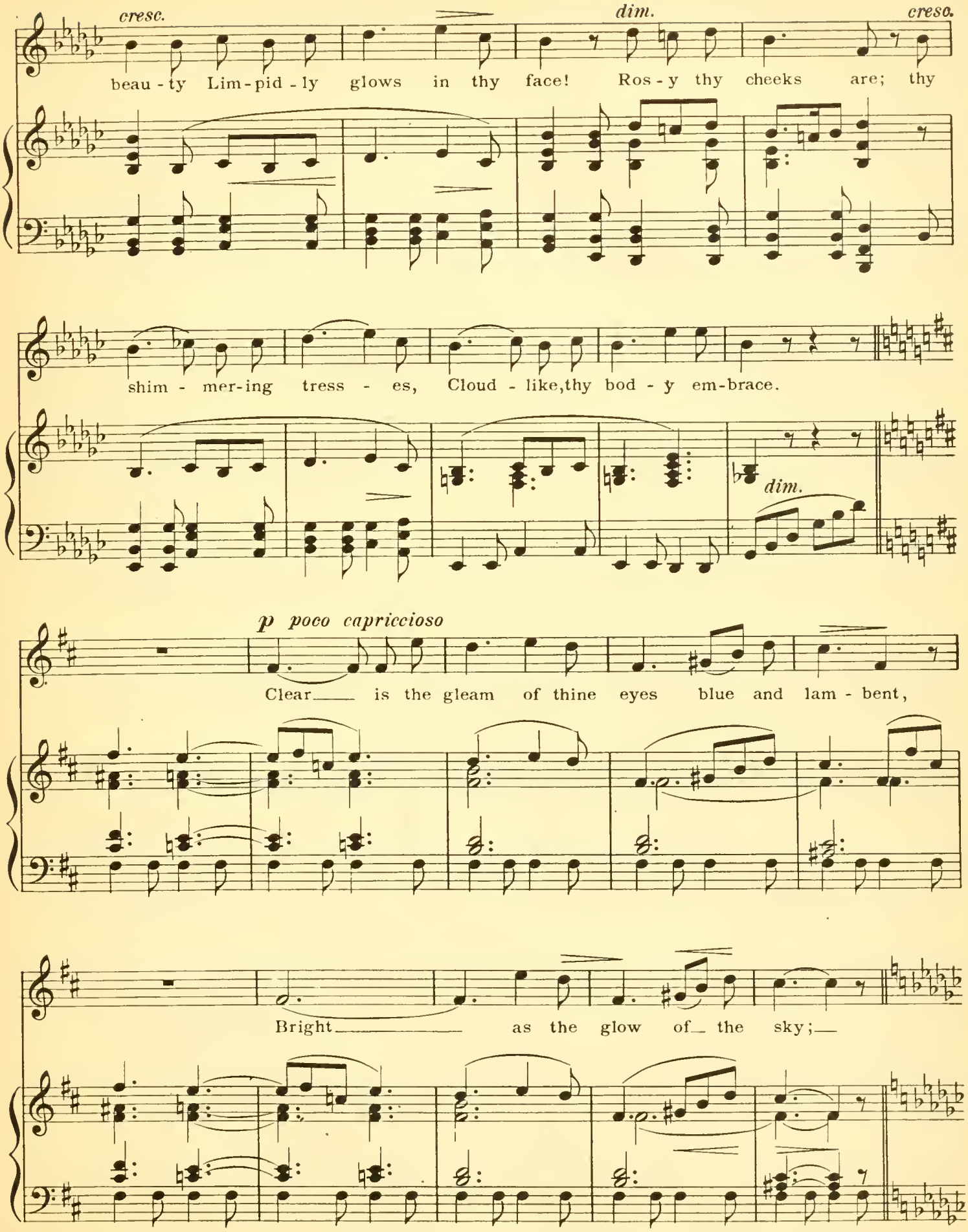
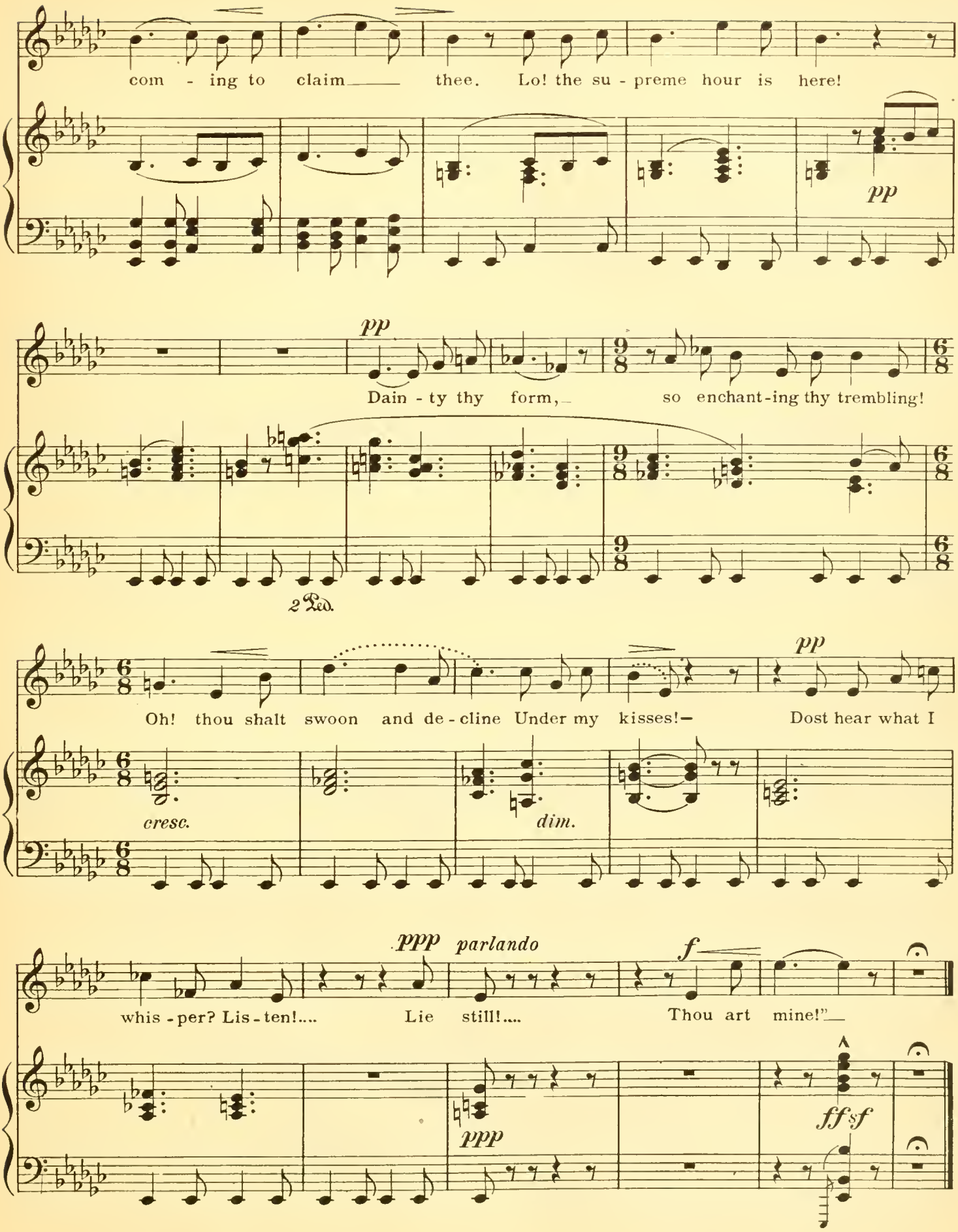

cresc.
Sleep will not come to her eyes, bright with fe - ver;
dim.
Life calls in vain to the
p
maid; Un - der her win - dow, in si - lence of
cresc.
dim. e rall.
mid - night, Death sings a grim ser-e - nade:
sf
rall.

Andantino
"Lone - ly and fet - ter'd, in dark - ness of bond - age,
Youth now is fad - ing from thee; Roam - ing as er - rant
knight vest - ed with ma - gic pow'r, I come thy young soul to free.
Raise thee and look in thy glass: Ah, what


cresc.
dim.
cresc.
beau - ty Lim - pid - ly glows in thy face! Ros - y thy cheeks are; thy
shim - mer-ing tress - es, Cloud - like,thy bod - y em-brace.
dim.
p poco capriccioso
Clear is the gleam of thine eyes blue and lam - bent,
Bright as the glow of the sky;

Sweet wafts thy fragrant breath, warm as the
mf
sf
sf
pp
poco accel.
a tempo, tranquillo
noon - tide, Ma - gic thy charm draws me nigh. Soon must thou
a tempo
ppp poco accel.
p
sf
yield to the spell of my sing - ing,
sf
f
Now thy true gal - lant is near; Heed - ing thy call he is
mf


com - ing to claim thee. Lo! the su - preme hour is here!
pp
pp
Dain - ty thy form, so enchant-ing thy trembling!
2 Ped.
pp
Oh! thou shalt swoon and de - cline Under my kisses! Dost hear what I
cresc.
dim.
ppp parlando
f
whis - per? Lis - ten!.... Lie still!.... Thou art mine!"
ppp
ff sf

Death, the Commander

(Polkovódyetz)

English version* by
Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōozoff (No. 4 of "Songs and Dances of Death")

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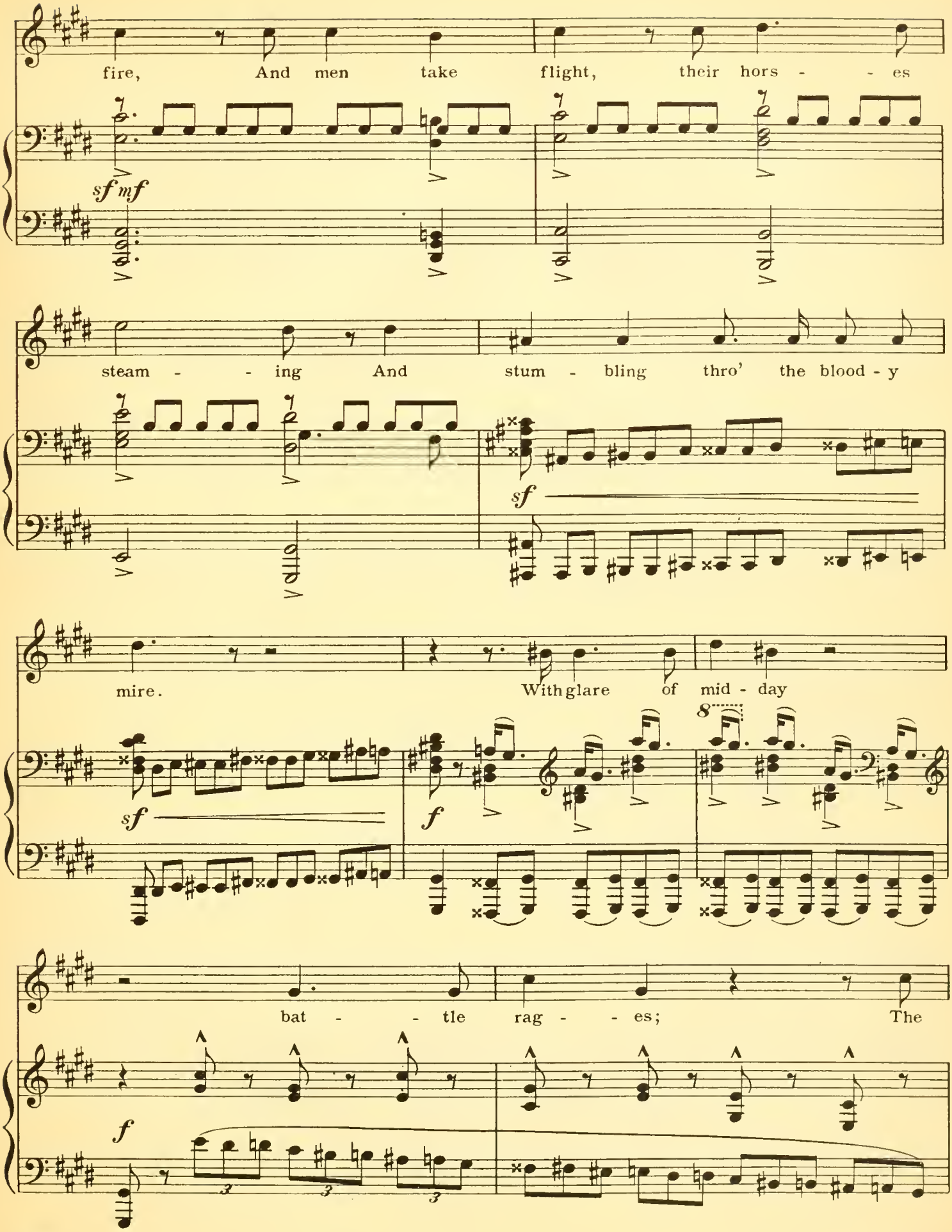
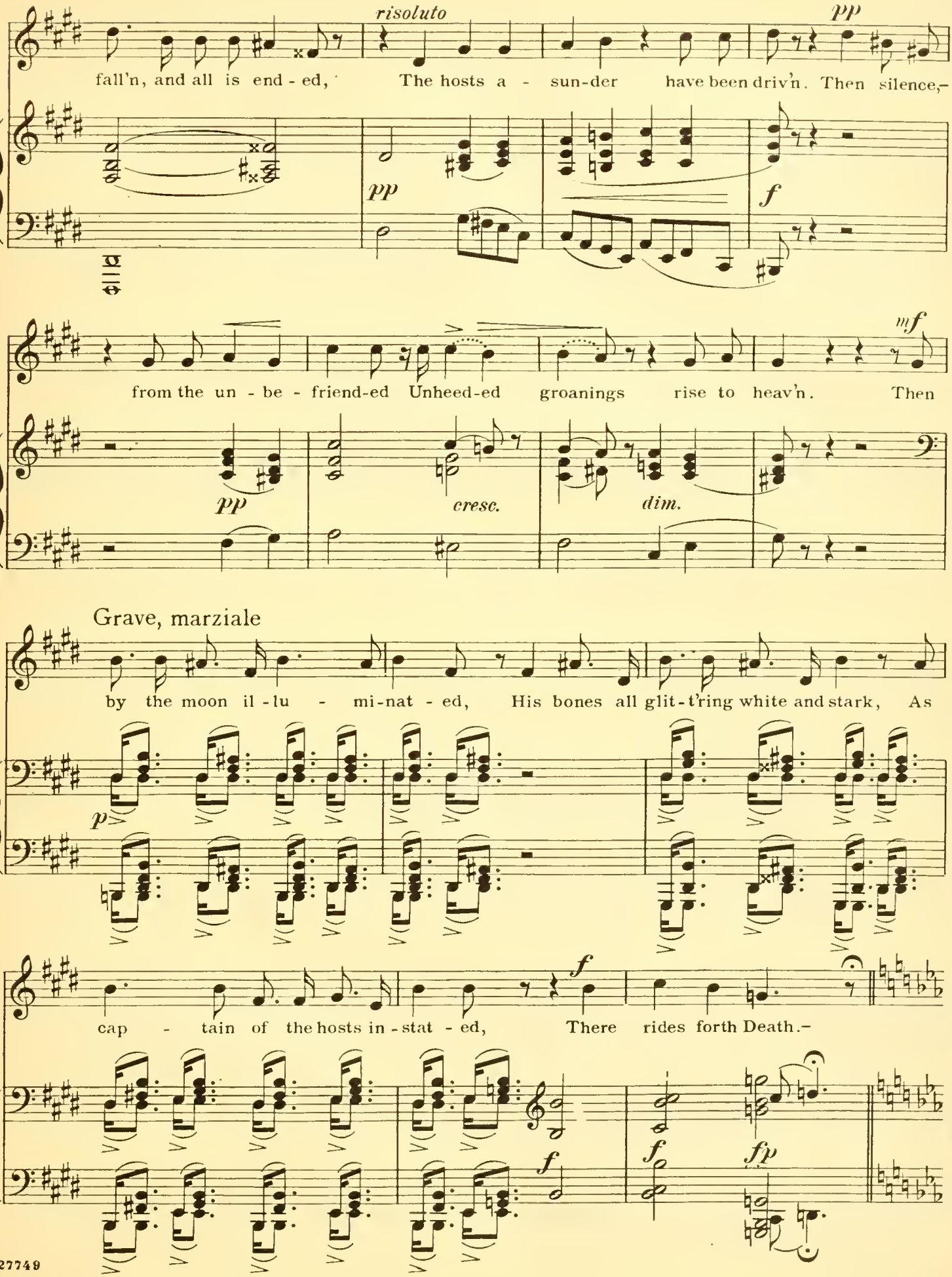
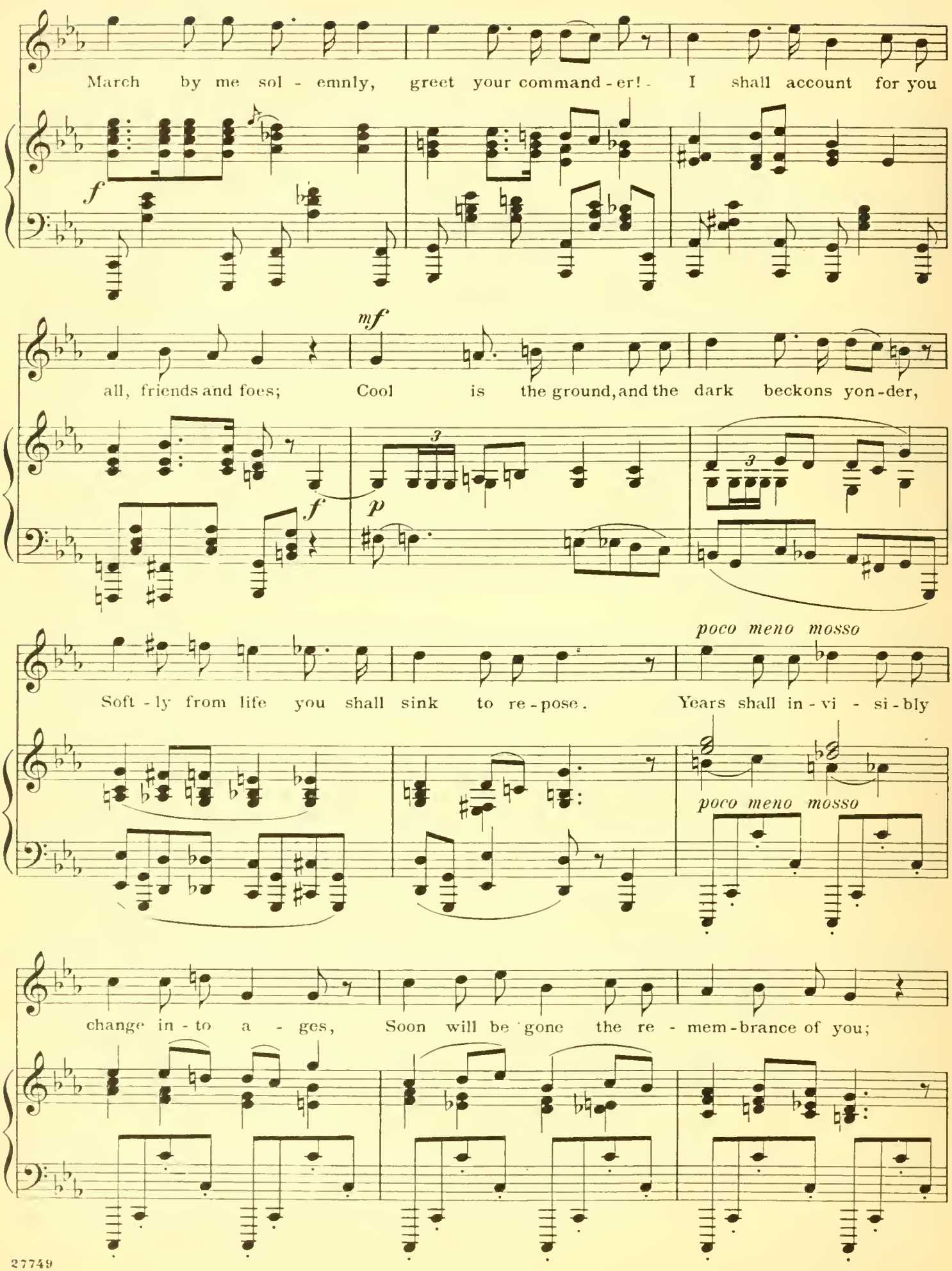

fire, And men take flight, their hors - - es
sf mf
steam - - ing And stum - bling thro' the blood - y
sf
mire. With glare of mid - day
sf
f
8
bat - - tle rag - - es; The
f
3
3
3

sun is sink - - - - ing, still they fight;
The twi - - - - light dark - ens, but en -
ga - ges The foe to mer - - - - - - - ci - less new
spite.
But night has
rall. pesante
dim.


risoluto
pp
fall'n, and all is end - ed, The hosts a - sun-der have been driv'n. Then silence,-
pp
f
mf
from the un - be - friend-ed Unheed-ed groanings rise to heav'n. Then
pp
cresc.
dim.
Grave, marziale
by the moon il - lu - mi-nat - ed, His bones all glit-t'ring white and stark, As
p
f
cap - tain of the hosts in - stat - ed, There rides forth Death.-
f
f
fp

p
Lo! in the dark He heeds the sob - bing and the
pp
pray - - ing, Un-til his pride is sat - is - fied,
risoluto
Then, on the spot of cru - el slay - ing, He walks a - bout with sol-emn
pp
stride. Then on a hil-lock, light-ed dim - ly, He looks a-round him,
fp
p

smil-ing grim-ly, Then o'er the bat-tle's si-lent ground He sends his
pp
poco cresc.
voice with fate-ful sound: "Mine is the bat-tle! All wrongs are right-ed,
f
f
Foe-man and friend shall to me bow the head! Those who were en-e-mies,
dolce
p
I have u-nit-ed: Rise now, to pass the re-view of the dead!
cresc. poco
f


March by me sol - emnly, greet your command - er! - I shall account for you
f
all, friends and foes; Cool is the ground, and the dark beckons yon - der,
mf
f
p
3
Soft - ly from life you shall sink to re - pose. Years shall in - vi - si - bly
poco meno mosso
poco meno mosso
change in - to a - ges, Soon will be gone the re - mem - brance of you;

a tempo, pomposo
I shall re-call you, when war no more rag-es, Bid you at mid-night to
a tempo
f
meno mosso
sol-emn re-view. Danc-ing with heav-y step, till I grow wear-y,
meno mosso
p marcato
poco rall.
I'll stamp the earth, that hence-forth in this drear-y Grave-yard your bones shall for-
poco rall.
ff allargando
molto rit.
ev-er be bound, That you shall nev-er rise up from the ground!"
f allargando
molto rit.
f

The Song of Solomon

(Yevréiskaya Pyésnya)

Poem by L. Mey
English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1867)
(after an original Jewish melody)

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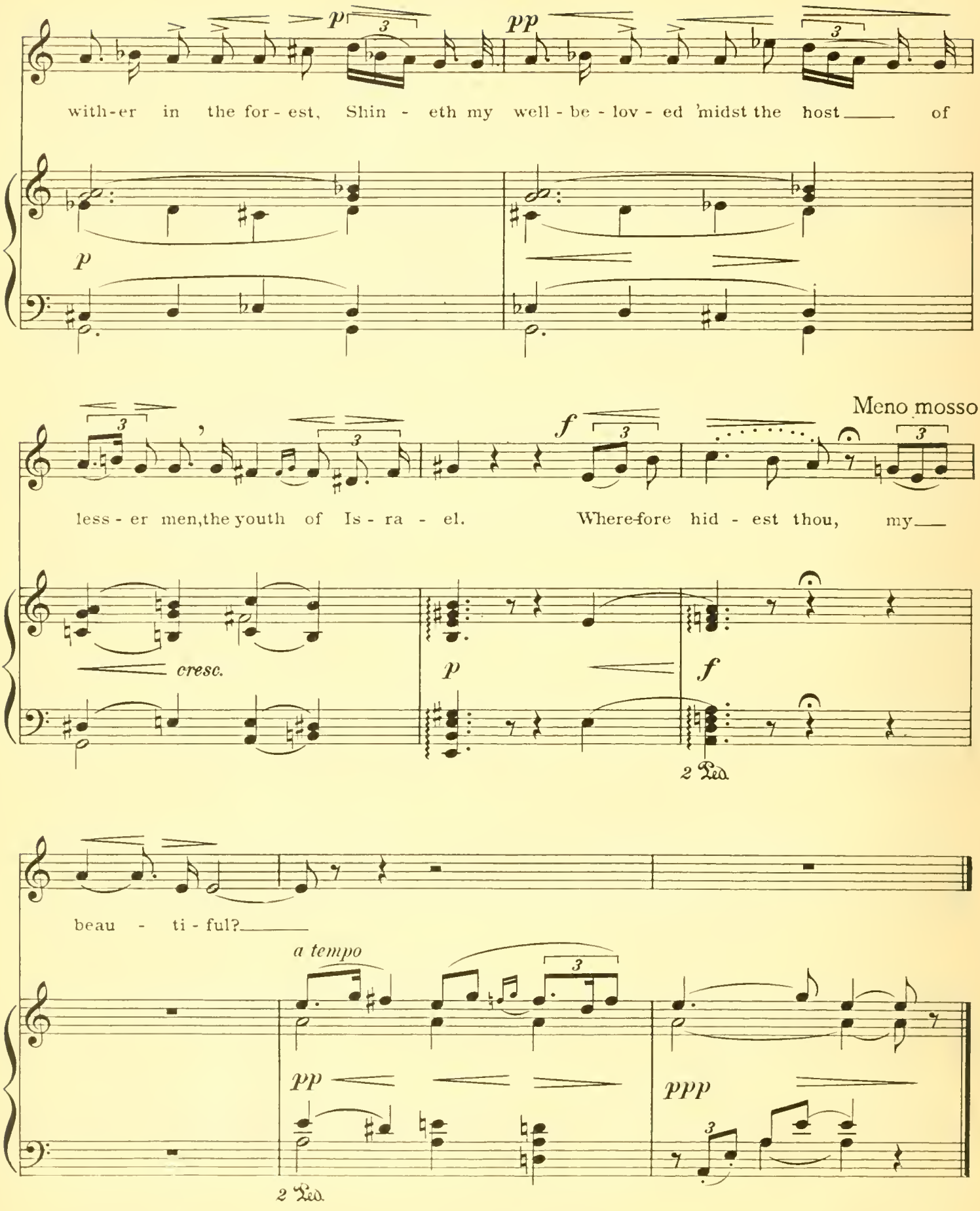
cresc.
fair 'midst her sis-ters as a-mong thorns the lil-y. Oh my
p
Meno mosso
f
p
a tempo
white-breast-ed dove, lit-tle dove of mine! As the fair myr-tle-tree,
f
l. h.
2 Ped.
2 Ped.
sweet with fra-grant spice, 'Mongst the bar'-ren trees that
f
p
f
cresc.
f
Ped.


p
pp
with-er in the for-est, Shin - eth my well-be-lov-ed 'midst the host of
p
Meno mosso
f
less-er men, the youth of Is-ra-el. Where-fore hid-est thou, my
cresc.
p
f
2 Ped.
beau - ti-ful?
a tempo
pp
ppp
2 Ped.

Silently Floated a Spirit

(Górnimee tikho letyéla dooshá nyebesámi)

Poem by Count Alexis K. Tolstóï
English version by Geo. Harris, Jr.

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1877)

Sostenuto, Lamentoso, Mistico
Voice
Piano
p
Si - lent - ly float - ed a
8
tremolando
ppp
spir - it a - cross the high heav - ens, Low - er - ing earth-ward her
eye-lids in sor-row - ful dreaming; From them there fell to the

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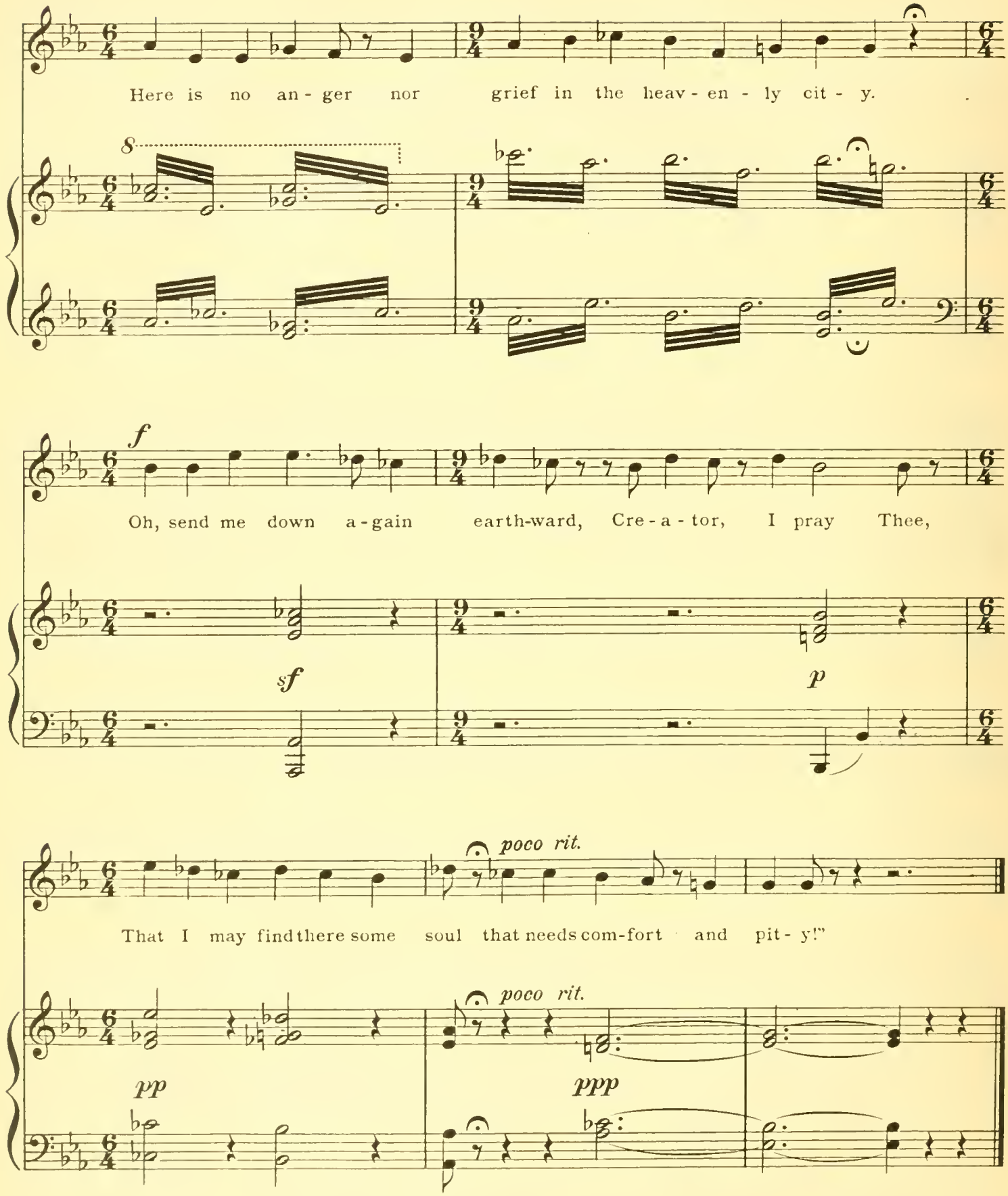
earth the pure tear-drops of sor - row, Like to a chain of bright
starswerethey,end - less and gleam-ing. Meet - ing her, soft - ly the
ppp
oth - er stars ask'd of their sis - ter:
pp
"For what de - spair from thine eyes flow the
pp

tear - drops so burn - ing?" Then did she
con espress.
an - swer and say: "Lo, my thought turn - eth earth - ward;
sf
p
poco rit.
Might I for - get what I've left there of suf-fring and yearn-ing!
pp
poco rit.
p a tempo
Here is no light but the light of the joy of the right - eous,
8
a tempo
pp


Here is no an - ger nor grief in the heav - en - ly cit - y.
8
f
Oh, send me down a - gain earth-ward, Cre - a - tor, I pray Thee,
sf
p
poco rit.
That I may find there some soul that needs com-fort and pit - y!"
poco rit.
pp
ppp

The Doll's Cradle-Song

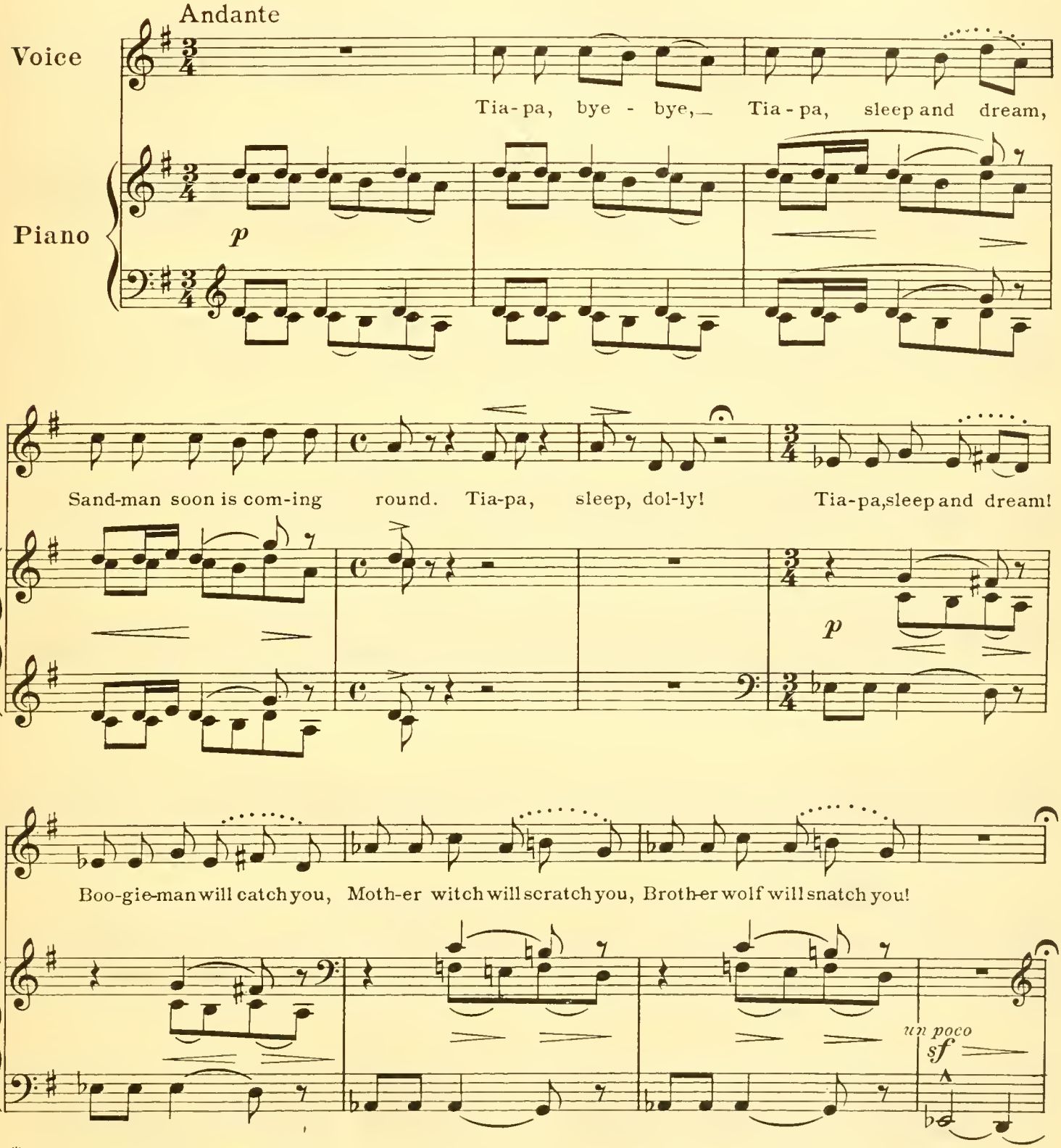
(S' Kóokloi)

Dedicated to my children, Tániushka and Góga

No. 4 of the cycle
"The Child's Nursery"*

English version by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Words and Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky


Andante
Voice
Piano
Tia-pa, bye - bye,_ Tia-pa, sleep and dream,
p
Sand-man soon is com-ing round. Tia-pa, sleep, dol-ly! Tia-pa,sleep and dream!
p
Boo-gie-man will catch you, Moth-er witch will scratch you, Broth-er wolf will snatch you!
un poco
sf

* Another song from this same cycle, "The Beetle" is to be found in "A Century of Russian song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, N. Y. 1911.

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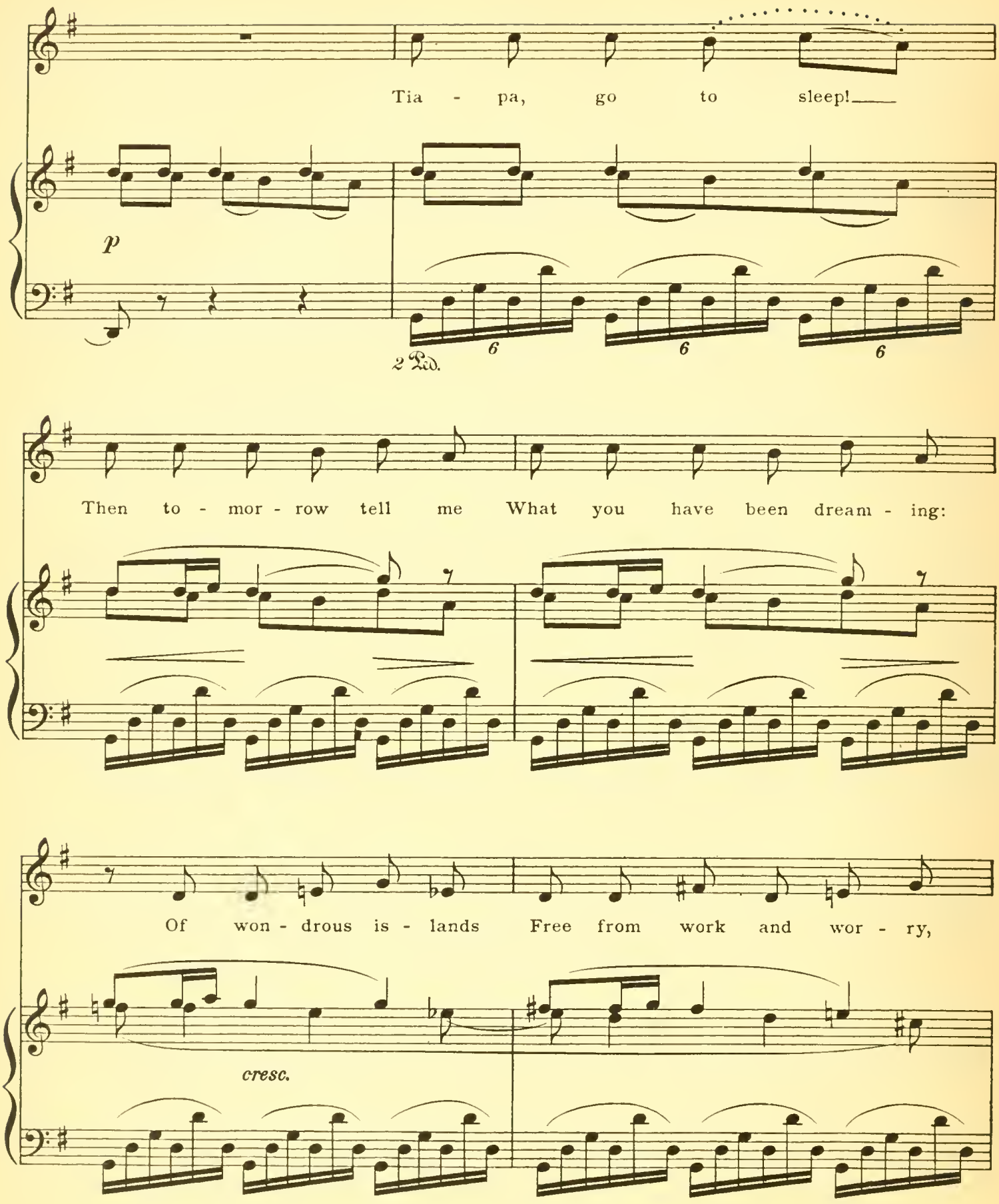
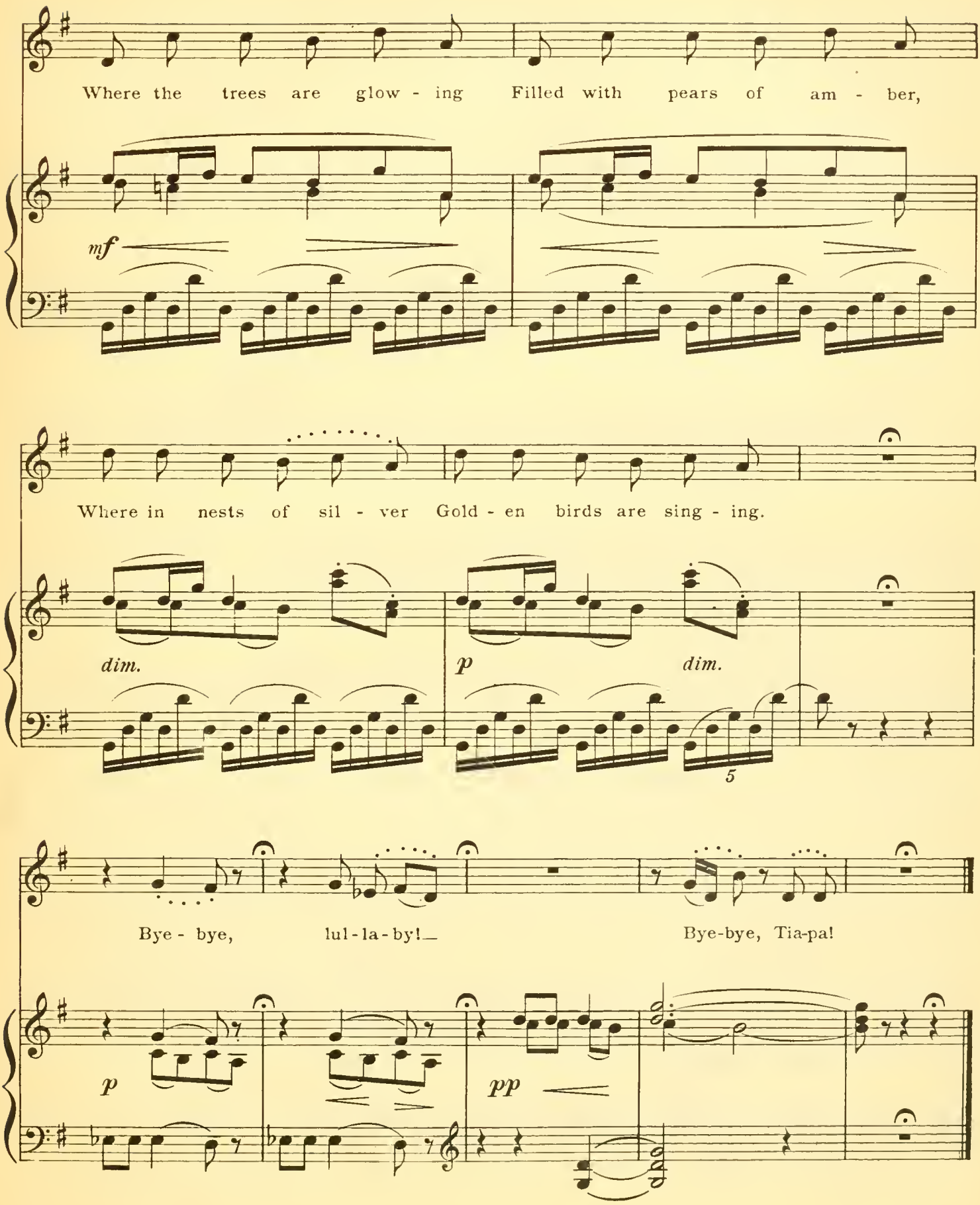

Tia - pa, go to sleep!
p
2 Ped.
Then to - mor - row tell me What you have been dream - ing:
Of won - drous is - lands Free from work and wor - ry,
cresc.


Where the trees are glow - ing Filled with pears of am - ber,
mf
Where in nests of sil - ver Gold - en birds are sing - ing.
dim.
p
dim.
5
Bye - bye, lul - la - by!
Bye-bye, Tia-pa!
p
pp

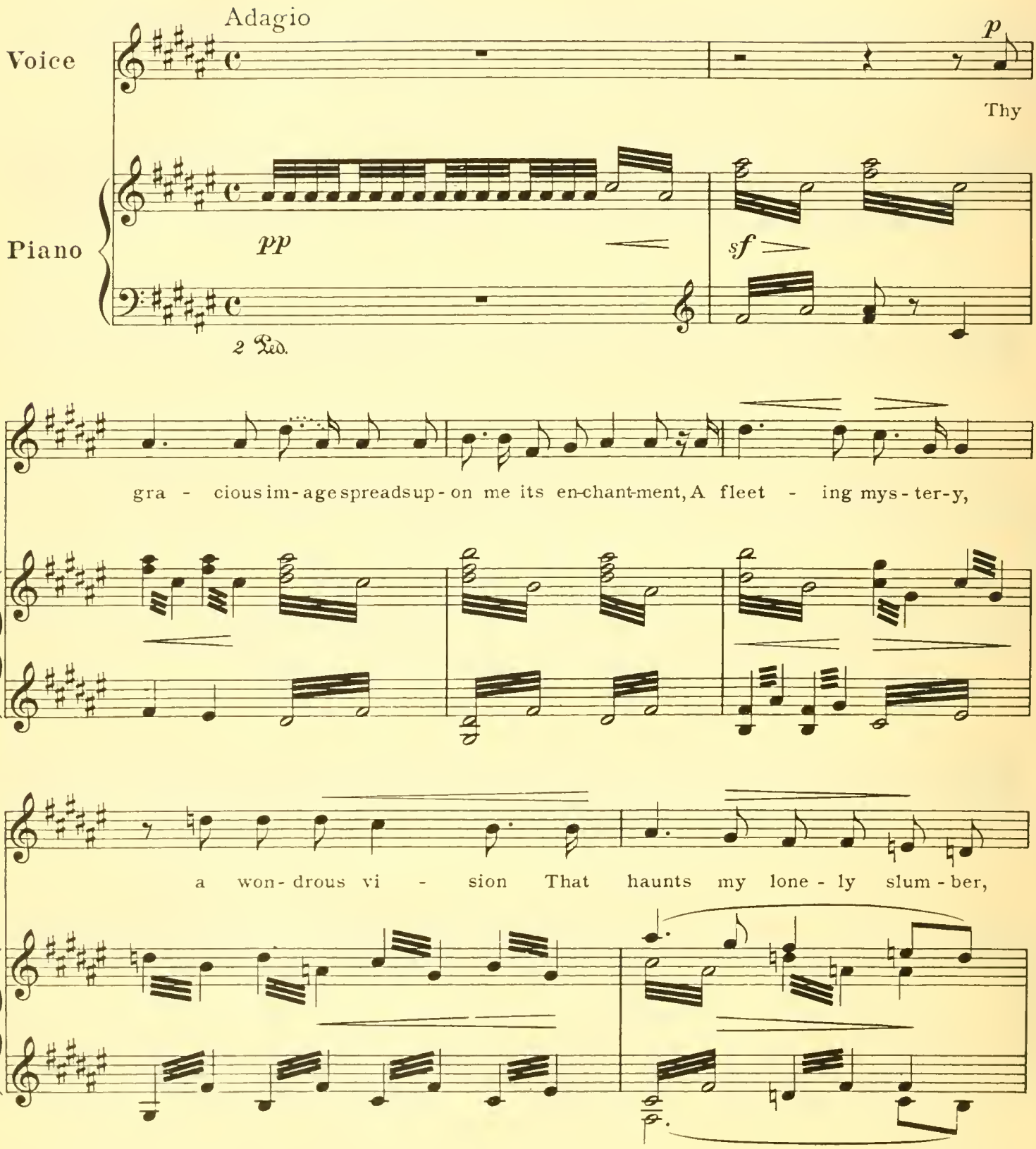
Night

A PHANTASY

(Notch. Fantásia)

English version by
Geo. Harris, Jr., and
Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1864)



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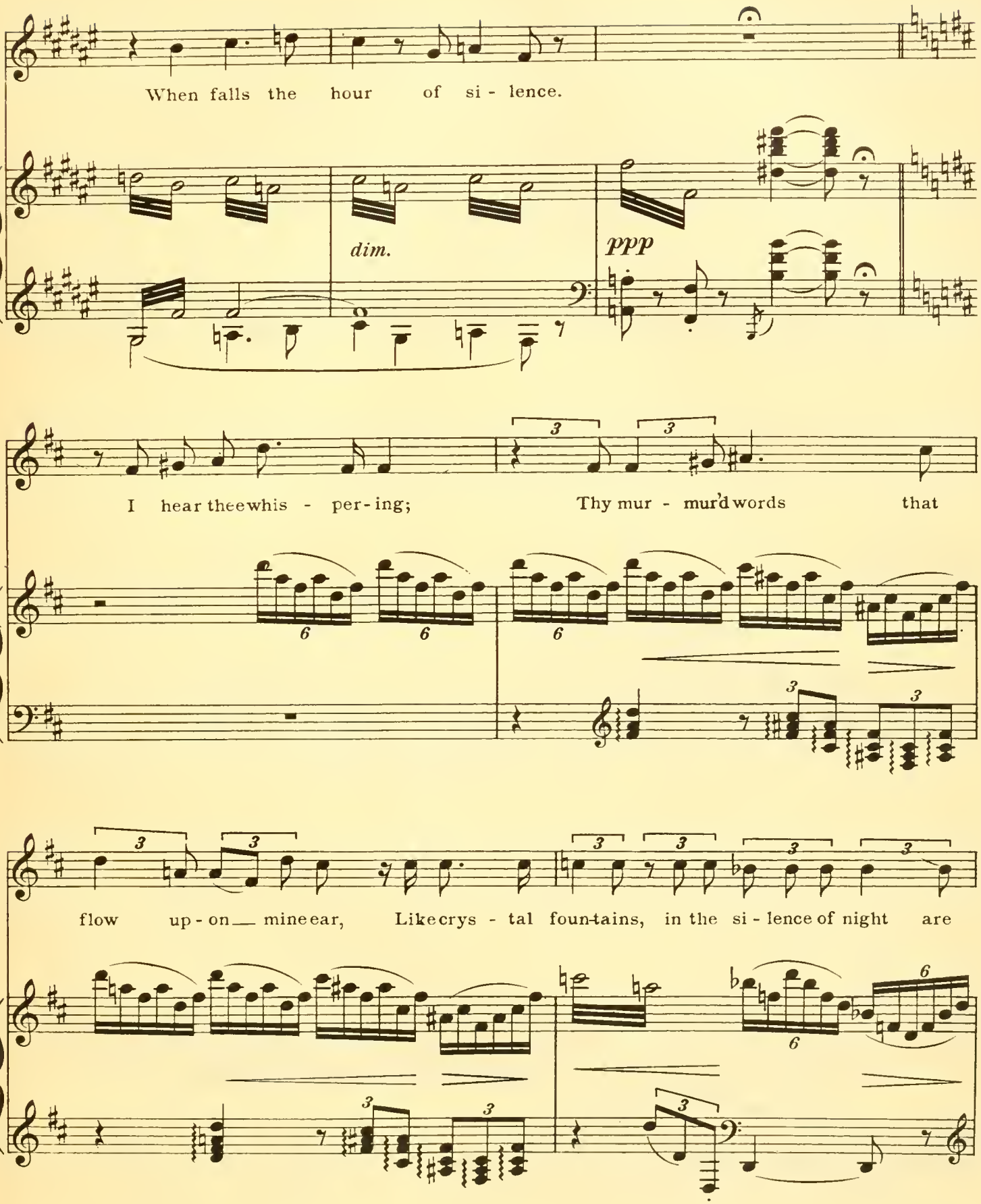
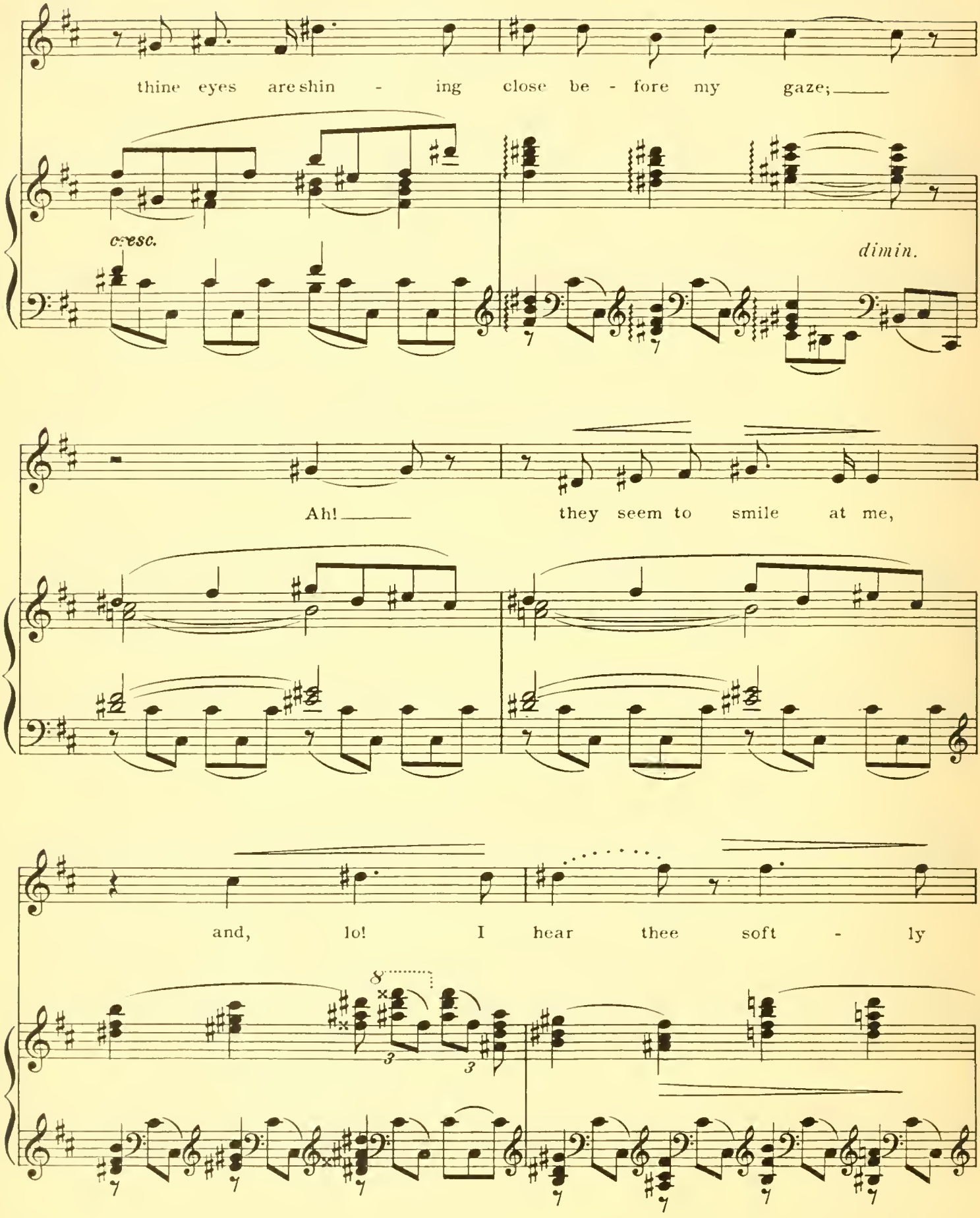
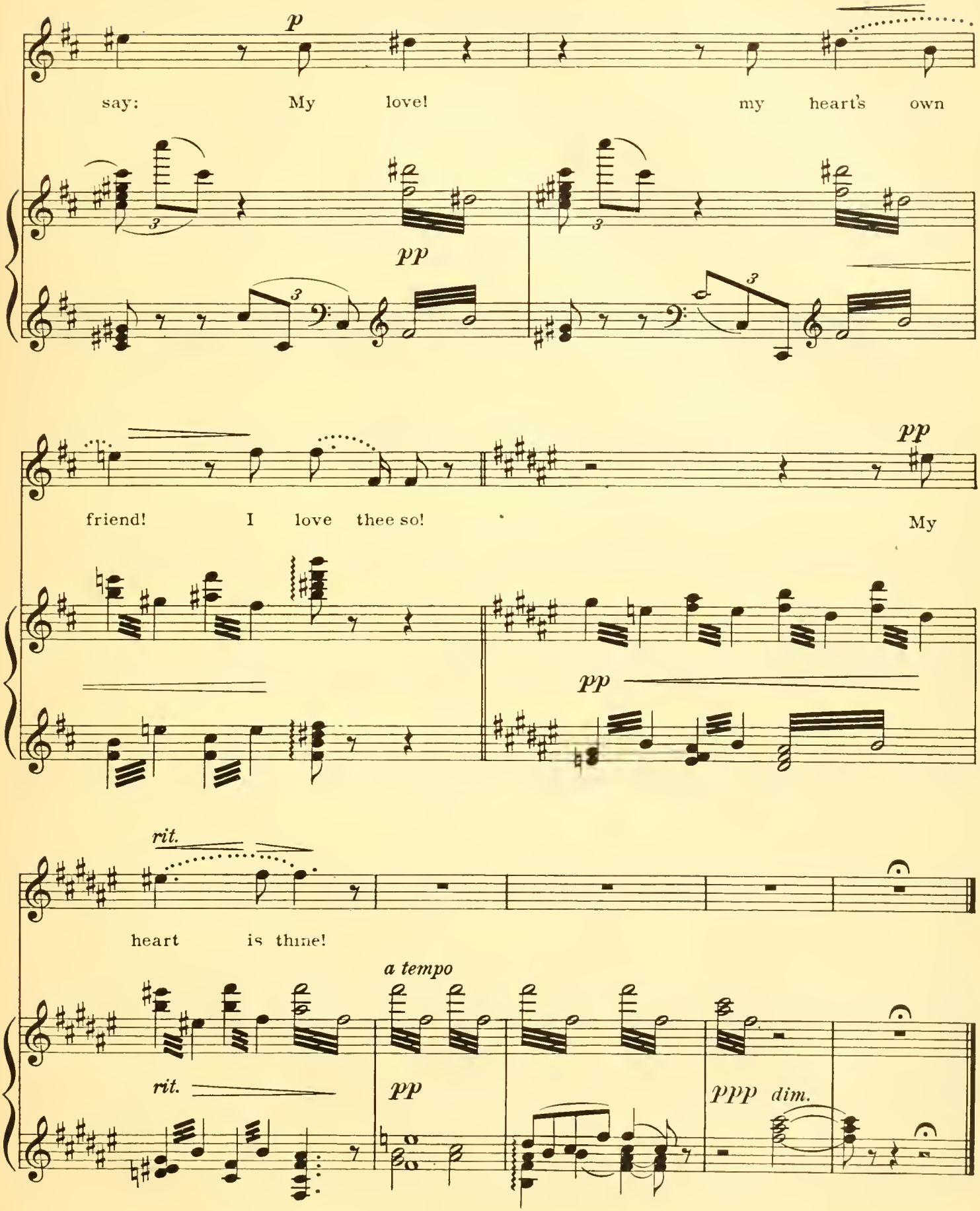

When falls the hour of si - lence.
dim.
ppp
I hear thee whis - per - ing;
Thy mur - mur'd words that
flow up - on mine ear,
Like crys - tal foun-tains, in the si - lence of night are

cresc.
float - ing o'er me, All full of hope, all full of com - fort,
cresc.
All full of strength, and
mf
ma - - gic - al ful - fil - ment
pp

and ob - liv - ion.
dim.
ppp
p
When night is dark,
when mid - night sounds,


thine eyes are shin - ing close be - fore my gaze;
cresc.
dimin.
Ah!
they seem to smile at me,
and, lo! I hear thee soft - ly


p
say: My love! my heart's own
pp
friend! I love thee so!
pp
My
pp
rit.
heart is thine!
a tempo
rit.
pp
ppp dim.

In My Attic

(V' tchetuiryókh styenákh)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andante tranquillo
Voice
Piano
pp
Lone is my lit - tle room, si - lent and dear to me,
Deep shad - ows hov - er there, gray and im - mov - a - ble.—
cresc.
dim.
Scene of my rev - er - ies, home of my thren - o - dies,
cresc.
dim.

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōzoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 1)

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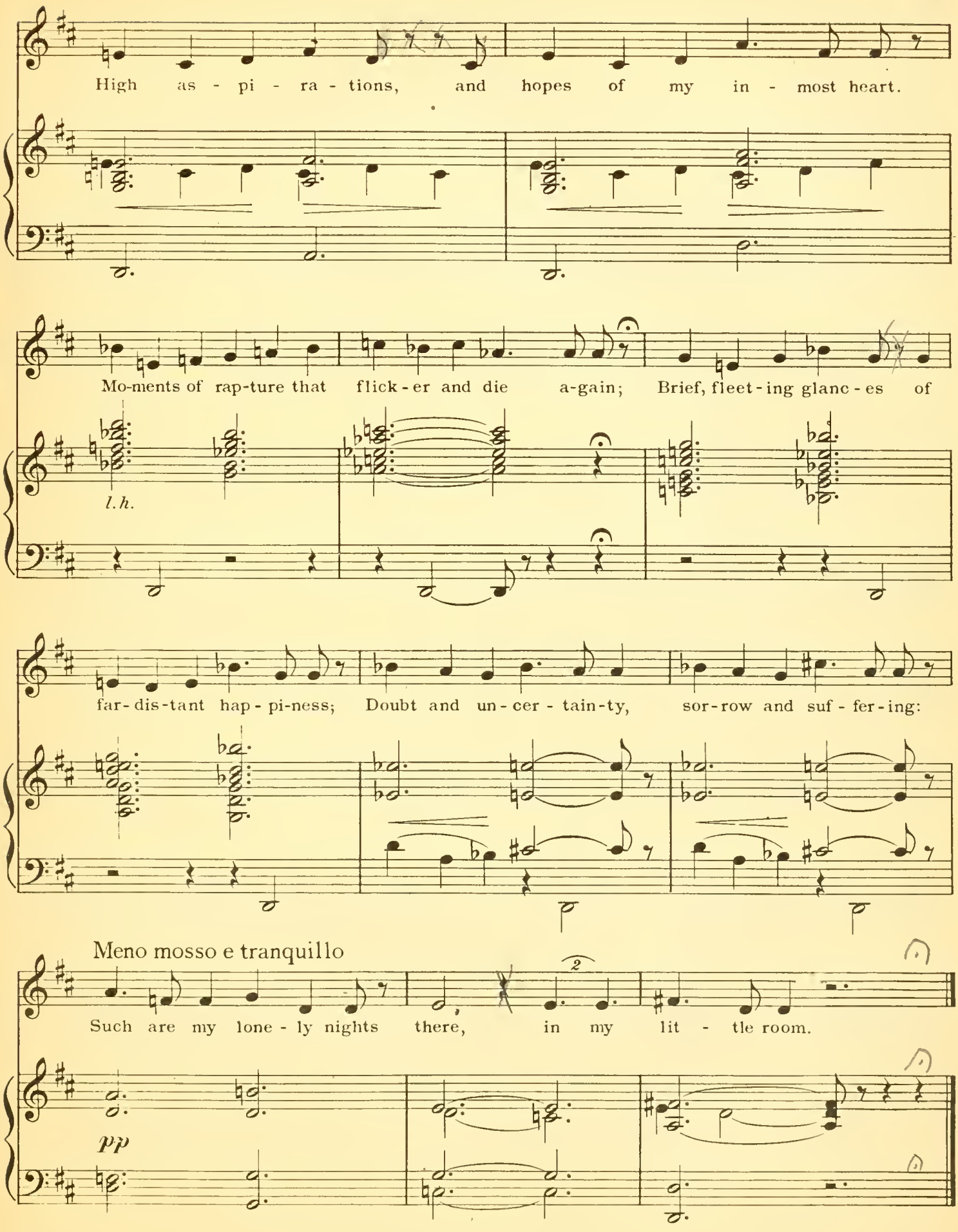
High as - pi - ra - tions, and hopes of my in - most heart.
Mo-ments of rap-ture that flick - er and die a-gain; Brief, fleet - ing glanc - es of
l.h.
far - dis - tant hap - pi-ness; Doubt and un - cer - tain-ty, sor - row and suf - fer - ing:
Meno mosso e tranquillo
2
Such are my lone - ly nights there, in my lit - tle room.
pp

After Years

(Menyá tui v'tolpyé nye o͞oznála)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andante con moto
Voice
Piano
p
sfpp
Last night, in the crowd, you ig -
nored me; Your eyes gave no sign that they saw; But once more en -
p
snared by your glanc - es, I trem-bled with ter - ror and awe. It

*After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kuto͞ozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 2)

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cresc.
was but one flash of re-mem-brance, But in it came back thro' the years
pp
cresc.
f
All mad - ness of pas - sion long van - ish'd, All
l.h.
f
dim.
sor - row of part - ing and tears!
p
dim.
pp

Retrospect

(Okóntchen prázdnui, shōōmnui dyen)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Moderato assai
Voice
Piano
The vain and nois - y day is done; Un - eas - y toil now
ends in dream - ing. Deep si - lence.— Shad - ows of the night Per - vade the
cit - y wrapt in slum-ber. But sleep comes not to soothe mine eyes. Now breaks a
f
p
pp
mf

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōzoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 3)

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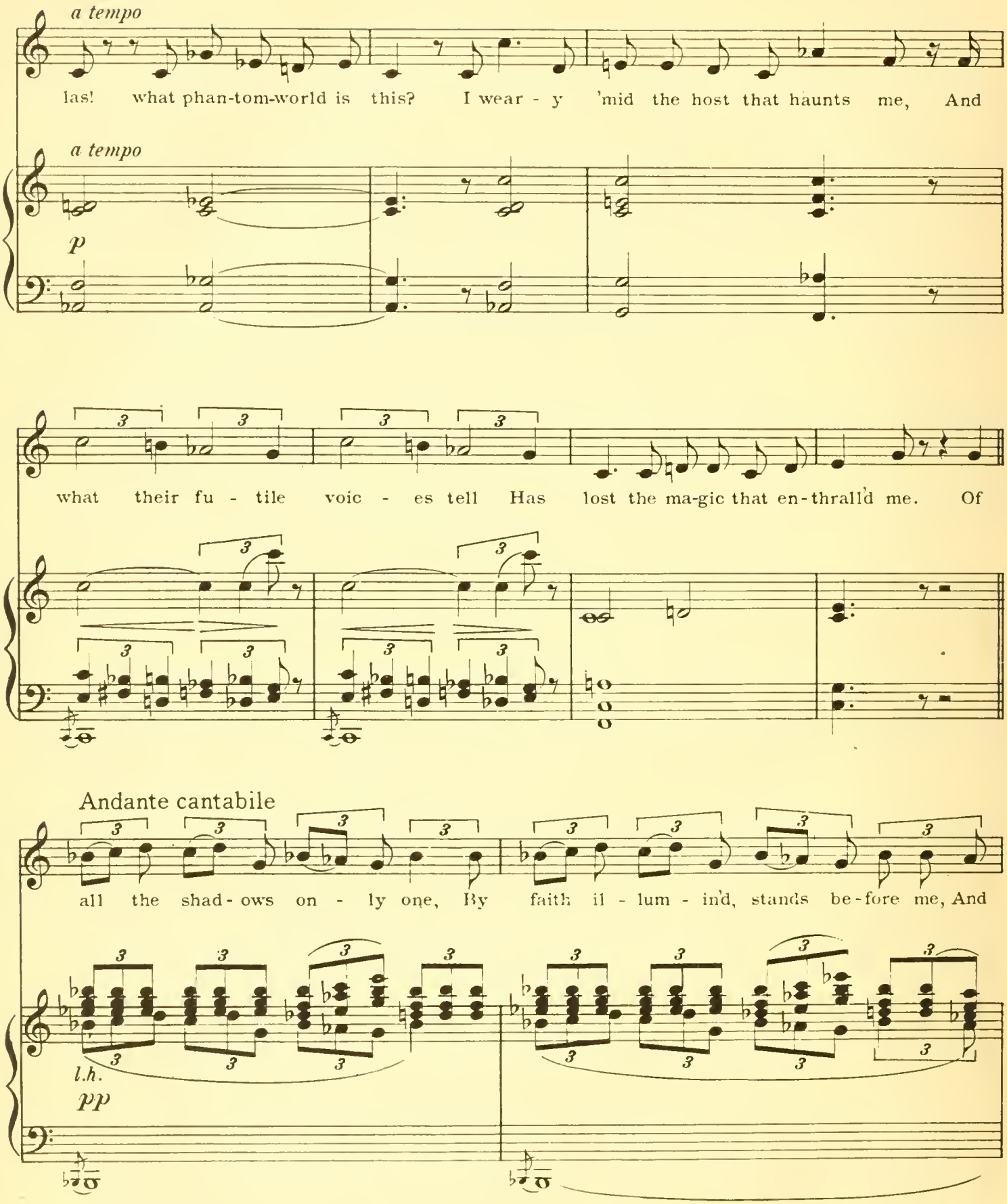
mys - tic dawn with - in me; Im - a - gi - na-tion glanc-es back To scan the book of years long
pp
van - ish'd. As if a - new my soul were filled With
pa - gan Spring's en - rap - tured vi - sions, Be - fore my spir - it
poco rit.
floats a train Of hopes, of yearn-ings, fleet - ing fol - lies.... A -
a tempo
pp poco rit.


a tempo
las! what phan-tom-world is this? I wear - y 'mid the host that haunts me, And
a tempo
p
what their fu - tile voic - es tell Has lost the ma-gic that en-thrall'd me. Of
Andante cantabile
all the shad - ows on - ly one, By faith il - lum - in'd, stands be-fore me, And
l.h.
pp

poco rit.
she_ who loved me long_ a - go Now soft - ly bends a - bove_ my pil - low. And
poco rit.
a tempo
p
f
dim.
once_ a - gain_ my spir - it stirs, And once_ a - gain_ my soul sur - ren - ders.
a tempo
f
p
dim.
pp
f
rit.
My tears are fall - ing, tears of rap - ture, Un - heed - ed tears of mys - tic joy._
pp
sf
p
rit.
pp

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Resignation

(Skootcháï)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andantino comodo assai e poco lamentoso
Voice
Piano
Re-sign! Thou art but born to
wear - y. He knows not joy, whose heart is dead; Re - turn but
glad-dens af - ter part - ing; Who would pre-vail, must ban - ish dread.
p
sf cresc.
f

* After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutōozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No.4)

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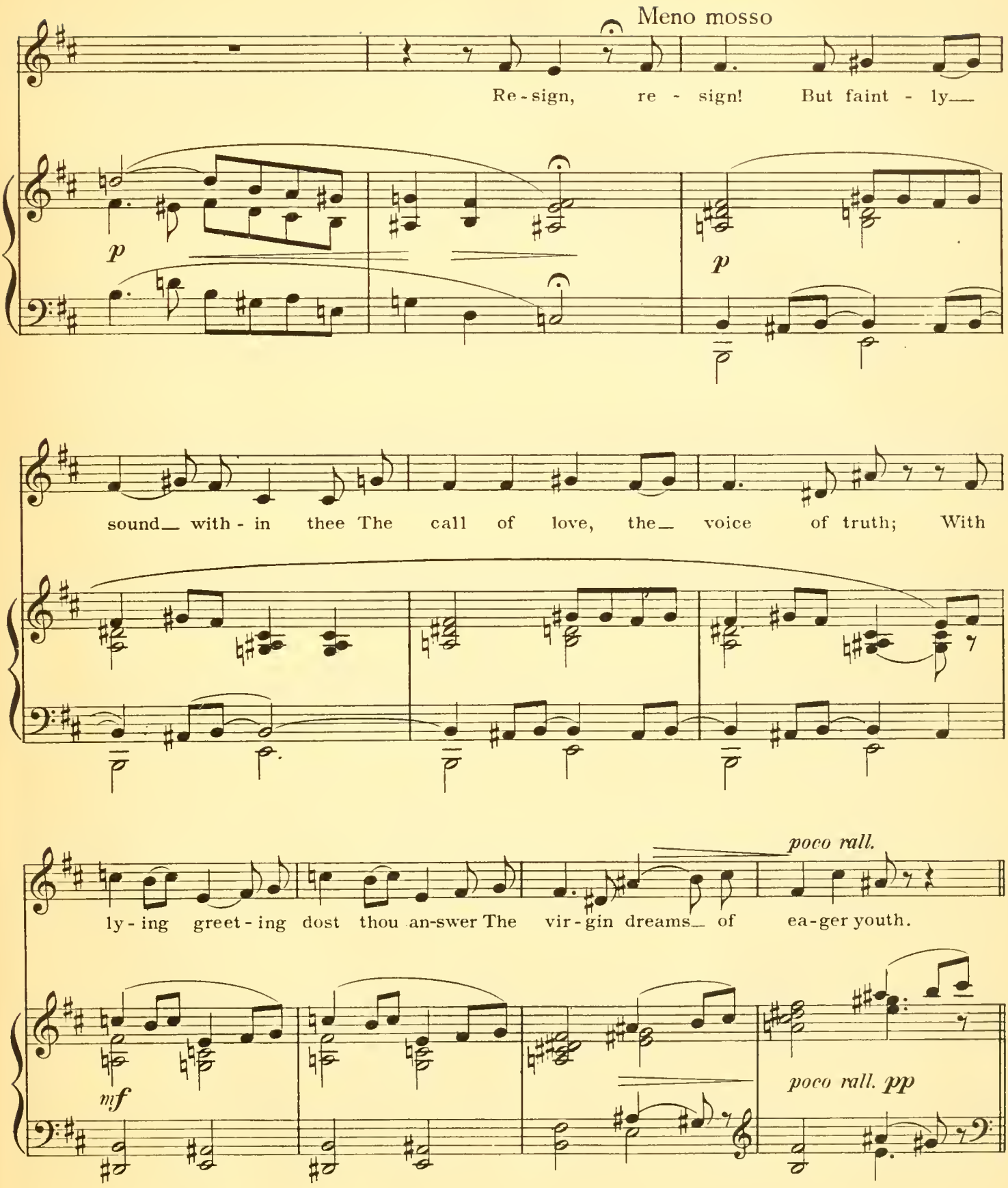
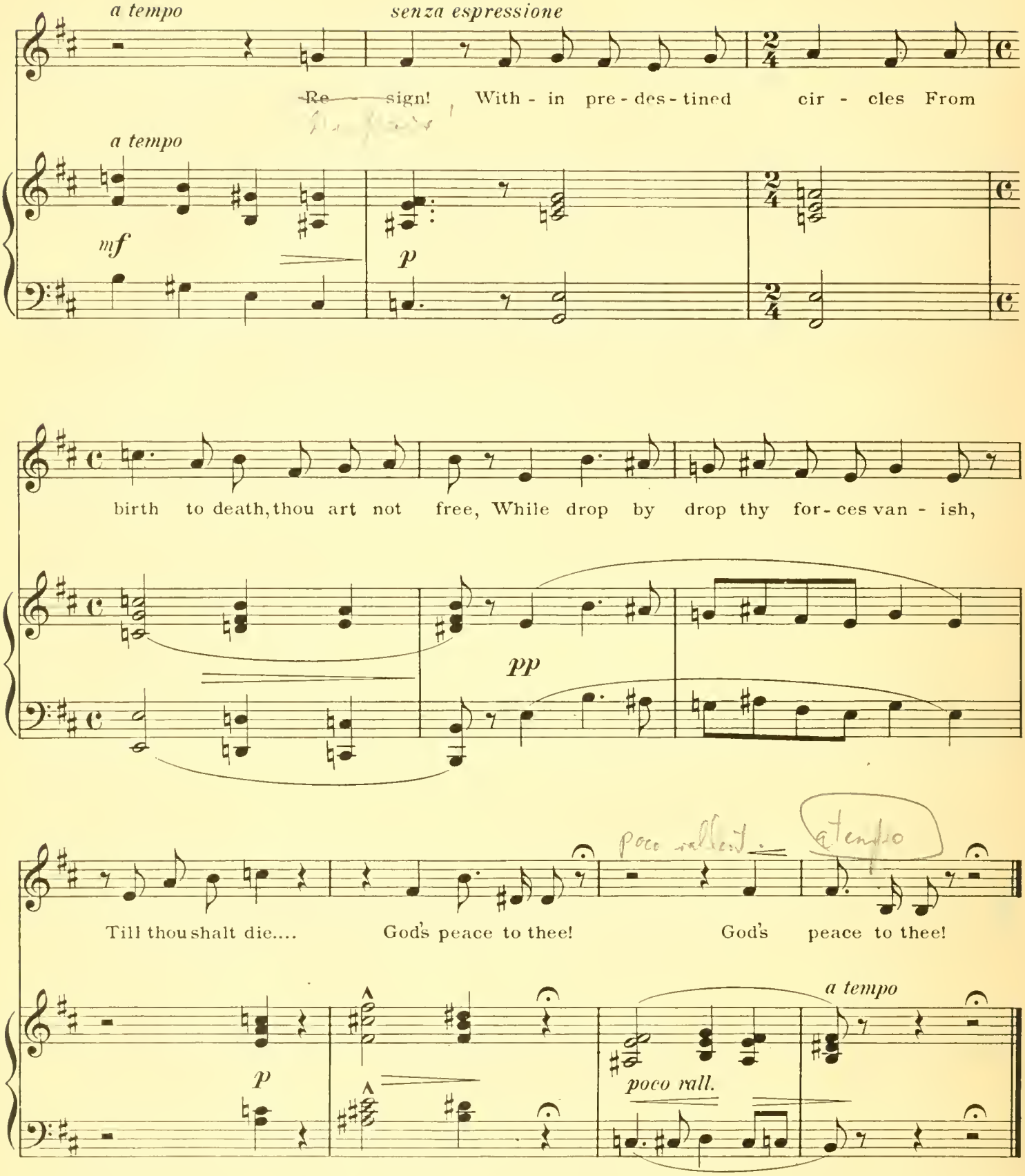

Meno mosso
Re - sign, re - sign! But faint - ly
p
p
sound with - in thee The call of love, the voice of truth; With
ly - ing greet - ing dost thou an-swer The vir - gin dreams of ea-ger youth.
poco rall.
mf
poco rall. pp


a tempo
senza espressione
Re - sign! With - in pre - des - tined cir - cles From
a tempo
mf
p
birth to death, thou art not free, While drop by drop thy for - ces van - ish,
pp
Till thou shalt die.... God's peace to thee! God's peace to thee!
poco rallent.
a tempo
p
poco rall.
a tempo

Elegy

(Elégia)

English version* by
Deems Taylor and Kurt Schindler

Music by
Modest P. Moussorgsky (1874)

Andantino mosso
Voice
Piano
Deep shad - ows veil the
night.
Be - yond the cloud - y haze A
pale and si - lent star is gleam - ing, dim and lone - ly; And

*After the poem by Count A. Golénishtcheff-Kutóozoff, in his cycle "Without Sunlight" (No. 5)

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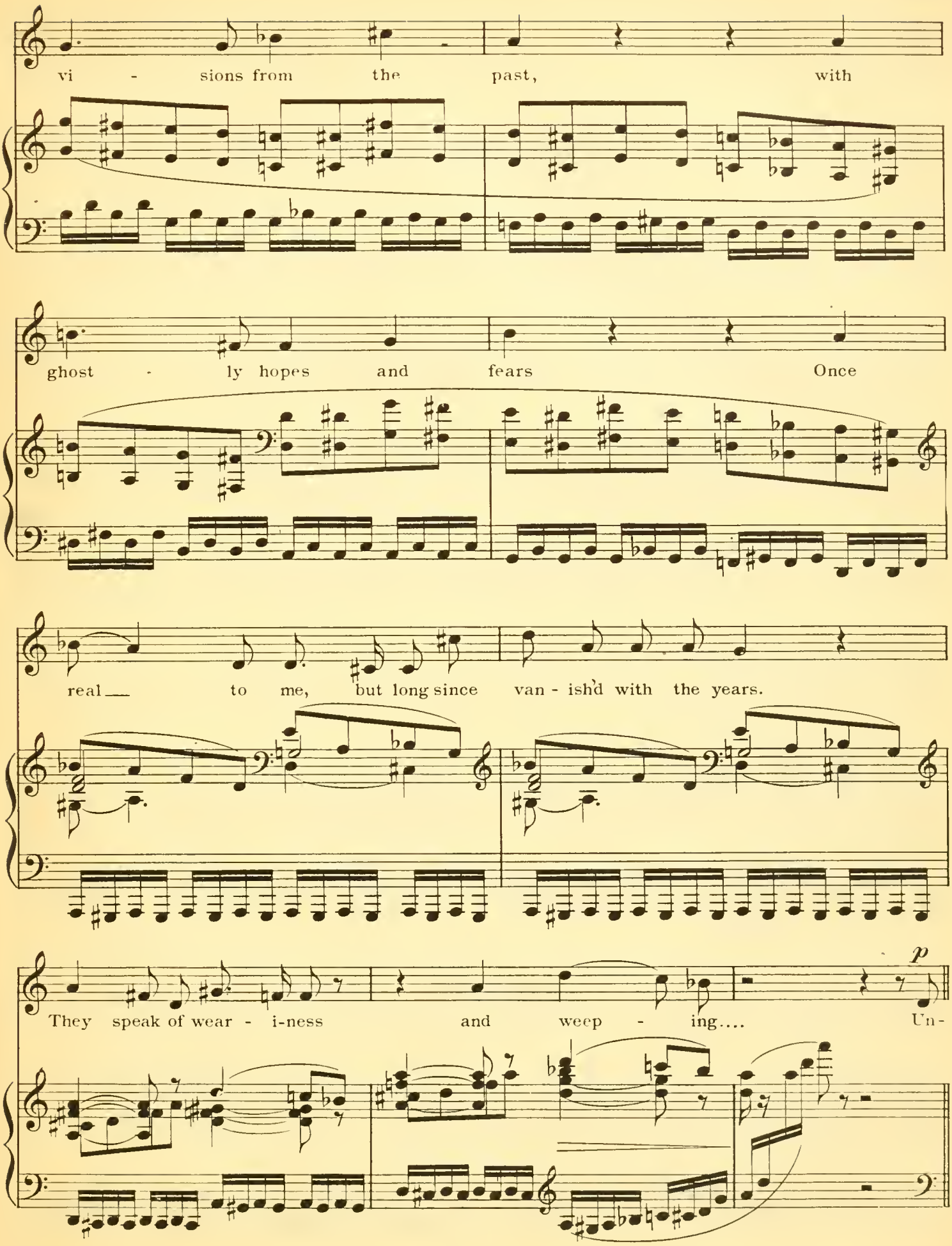
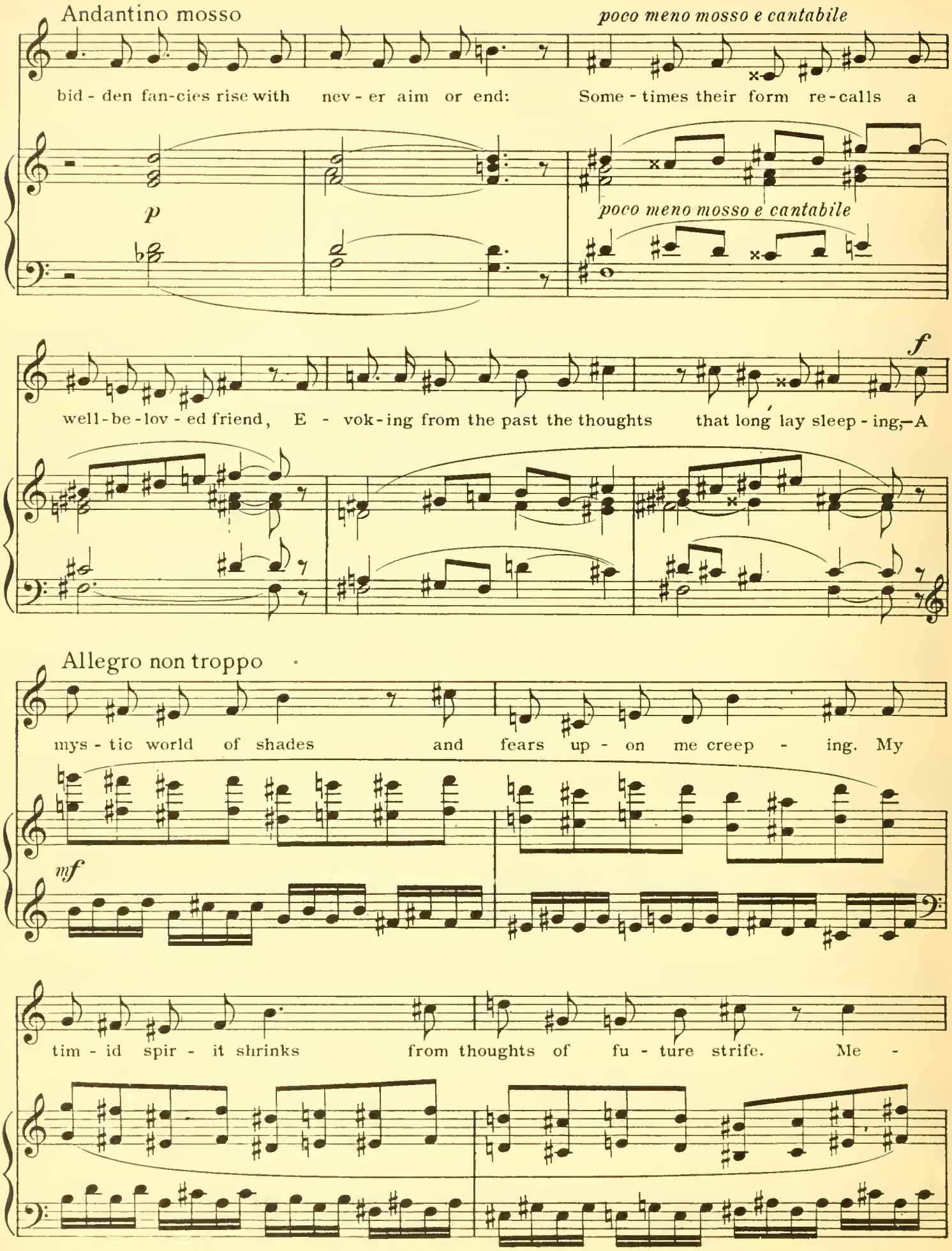
faint and far I hear the mourn - ful tink-ling on - ly Of
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
bells, where dis - tant hors - es graze. Like
rall.
f
dim.e rall.
Allegro agitato
storm - y clouds of night my in - most thoughts are surg - ing; In
mf
fleet - ing forms they drift, my trou - bled soul sub - mer - ging With


vi - sions from the past, with
ghost - ly hopes and fears Once
real to me, but long since van - ish'd with the years.
p
They speak of wear - i-ness and weep - ing.... Un-


Andantino mosso
poco meno mosso e cantabile
bid - den fan-cies rise with nev - er aim or end: Some - times their form re - calls a
p
poco meno mosso e cantabile
f
well - be - lov - ed friend, E - vok - ing from the past the thoughts that long lay sleep - ing,—A
Allegro non troppo
mys - tic world of shades and fears up - on me creep - ing. My
mf
tim - id spir - it shrinks from thoughts of fu - ture strife. Me -

thinks I hear a - far the clash - ing
f
din of life; The heart - less world that
mocks, vile trea - sons that op-press me; The
rall.
irk - some pet - ti-ness of tri-fles that ob - sess me, The
f
p
rall.

dim. e rit.
great sad bell of Death..... The
mf
sfp sfp dim. e rit. poco a poco
fp
sfpp
(con 2 Pedali)
Andantino mosso
morn-ing-star's white flame Grows faint-er, o-ver-come with shame. She hides her vir-gin face in
pp
joy-less mists of morn-ing, A sym-bol of my fate, a
dumb and sol-emn warn-ing.

The sixth and last song, belonging to this cycle, "Without Sunlight", is to be found in "A Century of Russian Song", collected and edited by Kurt Schindler, published by G. Schirmer, New York, 1911 (page 102-107)

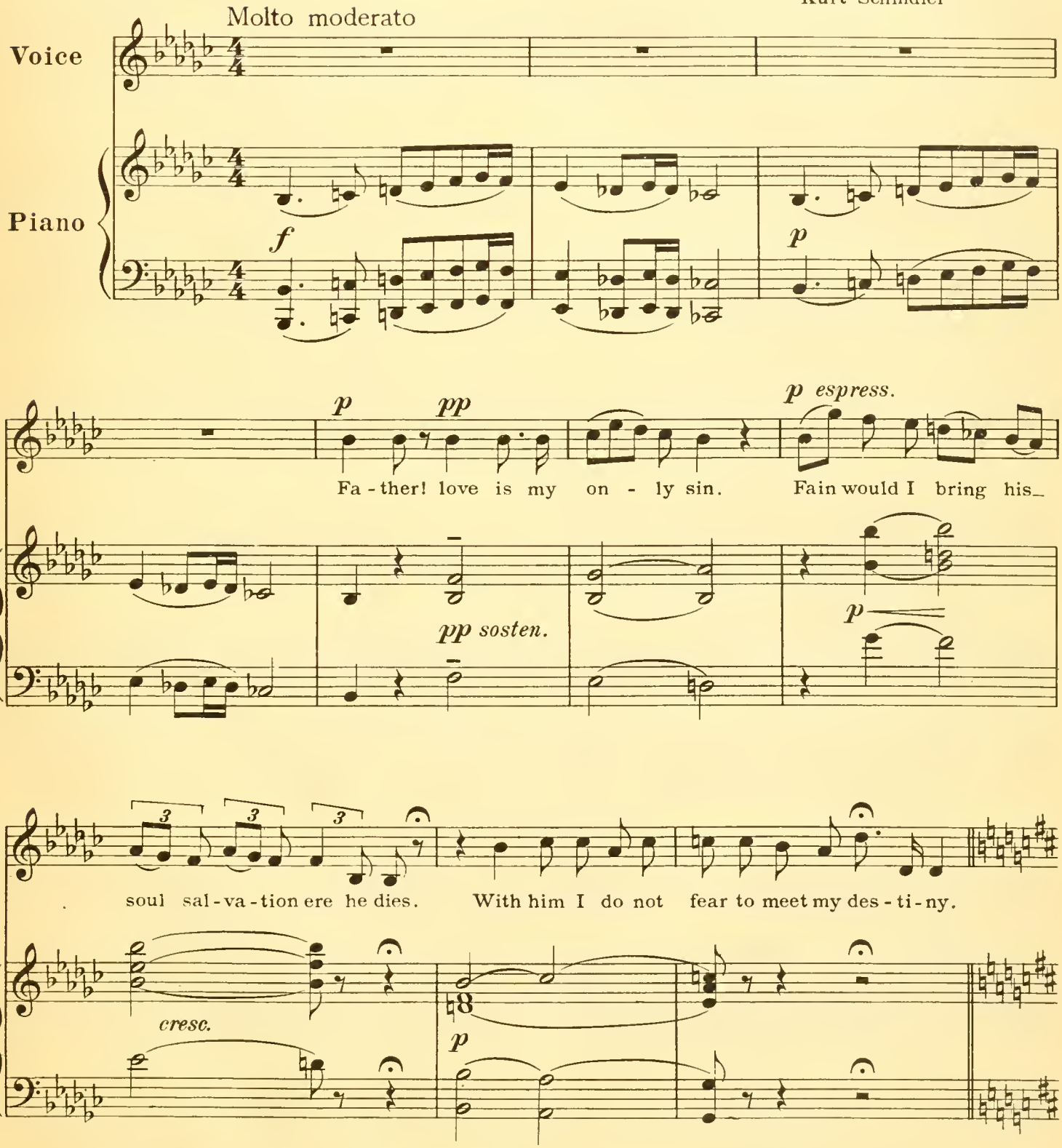
CONSECRATION

The Hallelujah of Love

(Allelúia Lubvēē)

English version by
Deems Taylor and
Kurt Schindler

Music by Modest P. Moussorgsky
From the opera "Khovánshtchina"
Arranged for concert-performance by
Kurt Schindler



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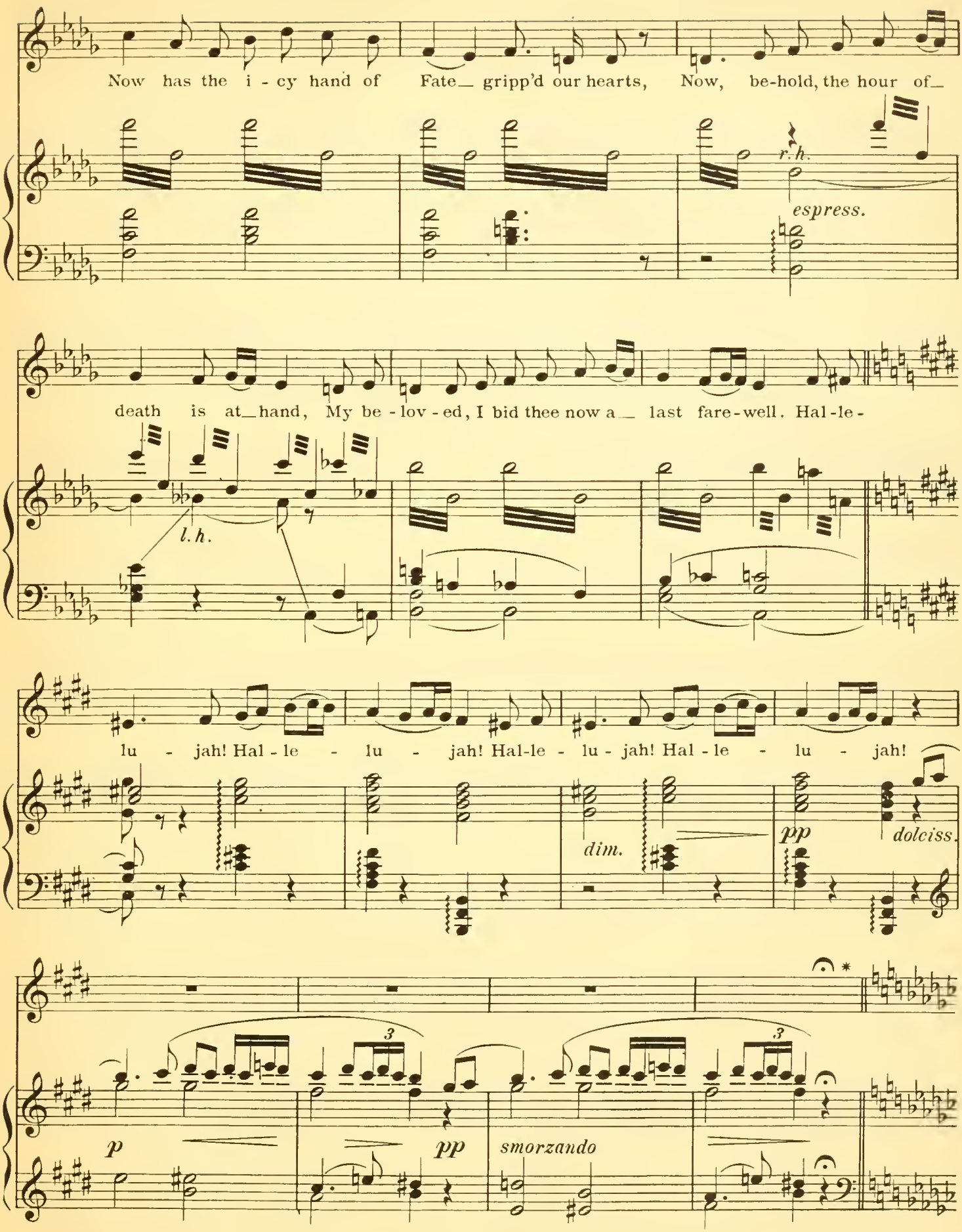
For - give me, Lord! Bless me with Thy mer - cy and strengthen me!
3
f
l. h.
l. h.
dim.
l. h.
l. h.
pp
Ped.
Ped.
mf
rall.
Largo (♩= 48)
Now my heart re-calls the first bright hour of love; Won-drous vi-sions since
pp
then have I be-held. Dark thro' my dreams appear'd the fear lest he prove un-true;

Larghetto (♩= 52)
Black thoughts like an-gry clouds of mid-night hung o-ver me.
p
(appassionato)
Love has been tor-ment and sor-row to_ me, Day or night my_ an-guish'd
pp
simile
soul found no_ rest, For me-seem'd as if the will of_ God I transgress'd, That my
3
love was a sin a-gainst His ho-ly_ law. Fa-ther, if I_ have sinn'd,
3
p

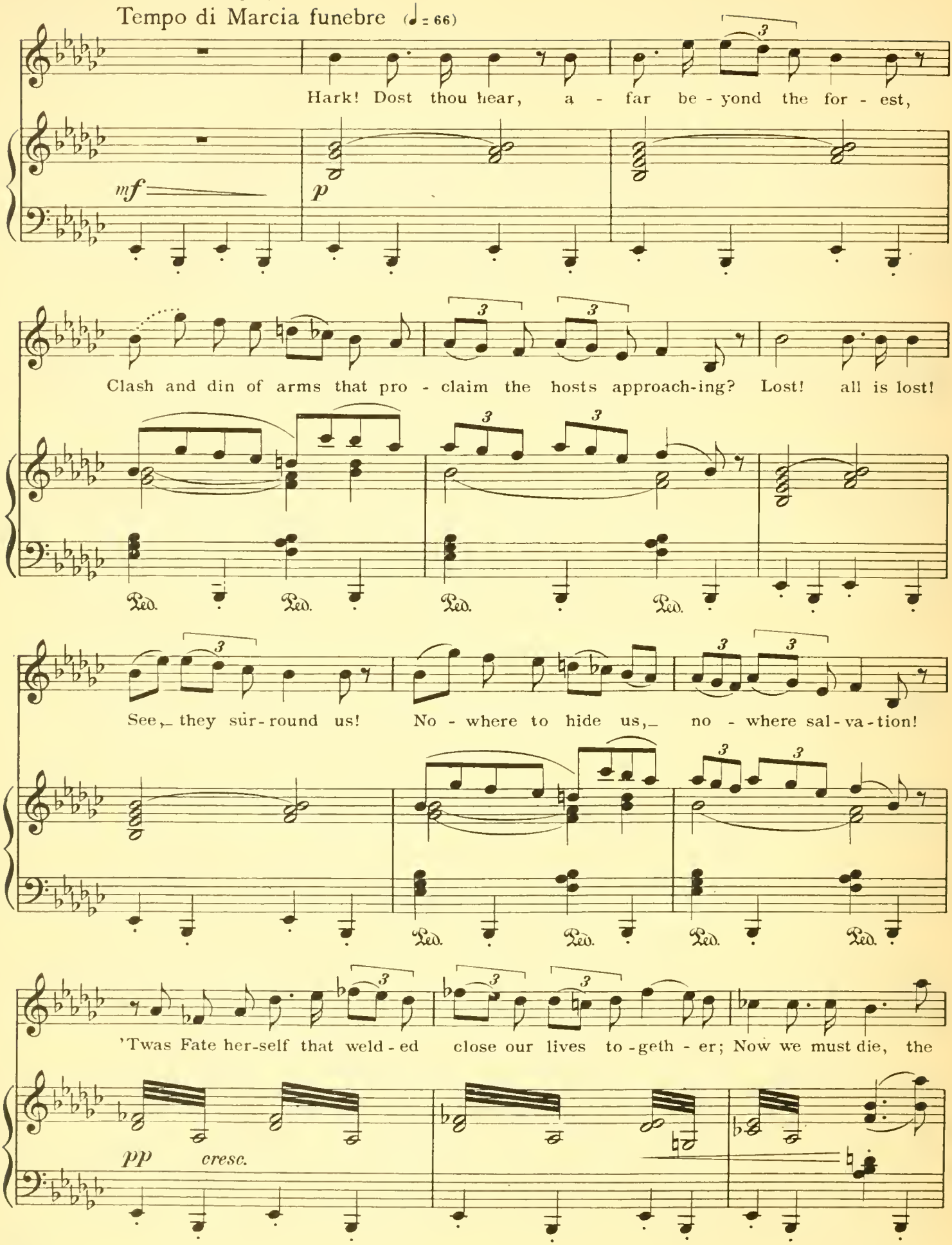
if wicked was my_ love, Spare not Thy child, spare not Thine erring child! Oh, take me hence, and
pp
may my bod - y_die, So that by death my soul may be re - deem-ed!
sfz p
ten.
Ah,_ those burn-ing nights when first_ he spoke to me,
ten.
Soft - ly whisp'ring of his
dolce
pp
love and my hap-pi - ness!
Now has our love been shrouded dark - ly in_ sombre clouds,
p


Now has the i - cy hand of Fate_ gripp'd our hearts, Now, be-hold, the hour of_
r.h.
espress.
death is at_hand, My be - lov - ed, I bid thee now a_ last fare-well. Hal-le-
l.h.
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!
dim.
pp
dolciss.
3
3
p
pp
smorzando

* For concert-performances the air can finish here.

(The Funeral Pyre)

Tempo di Marcia funebre (♩ = 66)


Hark! Dost thou hear, a - far be - yond the for - est,
mf
p
Clash and din of arms that pro - claim the hosts approach-ing? Lost! all is lost!
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
See, they sur-round us! No - where to hide us, no - where sal-va-tion!
Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.
'Twas Fate her-self that weld - ed close our lives to-geth - er; Now we must die, the
pp cresc.

voice of Doom has spo-ken! No tears a-vail, nor an-y sigh-ing or reproach-es; The
pp cresc.
rit.
Largo (come prima)
hour now has struck, the hour of con-se-cra-tion. Ah! my heart re-calls the
rit.
pp misterioso
dolce
first bright hour of love! Ah! those burning nights of love and hap-pi-ness!
pp
In fier-y fur-naces shall our love be tem-pered for aye!
ppp
mp sostenuto
smorzando

22

1664 3

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